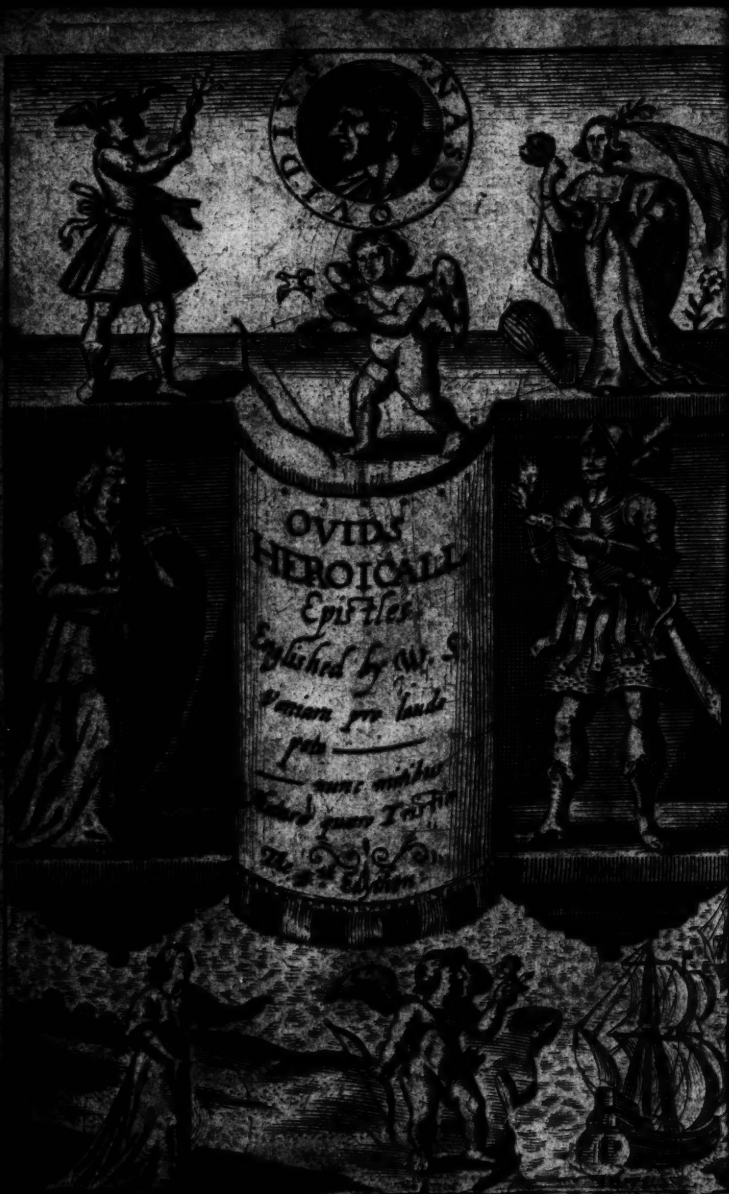


OVIDS  
HEROICALL  
Epistles.

Englished by W. S.  
Variation pro laude  
poëtae

cum notis et  
commentis quon T. F. H.  
de 2. Edition.





2  
3  
OVID'S  
*Glutton*  
HEROICAL  
Epistles.

---

Englified by W. S.

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*Veniam pro laude peto.  
— nunc mitibus  
Mutare Quero Tristia.*



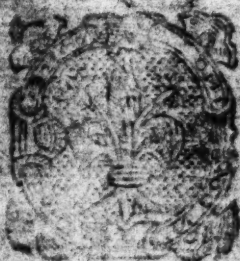
LONDON, m n

Printed for William Whitwood, at the sign of the  
Bell in Duck-Lane 1671

JOVIDS  
HEROICAL  
Epistles

Englished by W. S.

Printed for J. Sturges  
at the Sign of the  
Three Kings in St. Dunstons Church-yard



LONDON

Printed for W. Sturges, at the Sign of the  
Three Kings in St. Dunstons Church-yard

TO THE VERTUOUS  
LADIES,  
AND  
GENTLEWOMEN  
OF  
ENGLAND.

**Y**Our beauties (Ladies and Gentlewomen) are but types and shadows of the beauty of your vertuous mind, which is discerned by Noble and Courteous actions. I may therefore presume that Ovid's Heroical Epistles, chiefly translated for your sakes, shall find a gentle acceptance, sutable to your Heroical dispositions: for Courtesie and Ingenuity are the companions of Gentility. But those who claim this Title, and are de-

graded of it by their own vicious qualities.  
 Ovid disclaims them. Vertue is an in-  
 visible gift, which is not discerned by the out-  
 ward habit, but by speech and action, and a  
 certain delectation in Vertue, as Modesty,  
 Temperance, and especially courtesie; to  
 which Ovid doth appeal. For when Rome  
 knew him famous, he was esteemed of Lo-  
 vers and Ladies, so that he was faine to shadow  
 the ambitious love of the Emperours daugh-  
 ter towards him under the vail of Coryn-  
 na, but the Emperour saw through it, and  
 banished him. Besides, these Epistles, in  
 regard of their subject, have just relation to  
 you, Ladies and Gentlemen, being the  
 complaint of Ladies and Gentlemen for  
 the absence of their Lovers; And that their  
 sorrow may be more sensible, there is a Table  
 prefixed, and adjoyning to the book, pre-  
 senting the several Pictures of the Argu-  
 ments

*The Epistle.*

ments of the Epistles. So much concerning the work, and the Author Ovid. Now you expect a complement for the Dedication.

Ladies and Gentlewomen, since this book of Ovid's which most Gentlemen could read before in Latine, is for your sakes come forth in English, it doth at first address it self a Suitor, to wooe your acceptance, that it may kiss your hands, and afterward have the lines thereof in reading sweetned by the odour of your breath, while the dead letters form'd into words by your divided lips, may receive new life by your passionate expression, and the words married in that Ruby-coloured Temple, may thus happily united, multiply your contentment. And in a word let this be

A Servant with you to Lady Vertue.  
Wye Saltonstall.

TO THE VERTUOUS  
**LADIES,**  
AND  
**GENTLEWOMEN**  
OF  
**GREAT BRITAIN.**

**O**F all the Poets, that in verse did reign  
As Monarchs, none could equal Ovid's  
Especially in the affairs of Love, (strain  
Ovid the Master of that Art did prove :  
His fancies were so pleasing and so sweet,  
That Love did wish no other winding sheet,  
If he had mortal been, for he would die  
To live again in his sweet Poesie.  
When he intended to inflame the mind,  
Or shew how Lovers proved too unkind,  
As in these Epistles, where Ladies bemoan  
Themselves, when their unkind lovers were gone  
He doth so mournfully express their passion,  
In such a loving, and a lively fashion,

The



The Epistle

That reading them grief will not let you speak;  
 Untill imprison'd tears from your eyes break;  
 Such passions in his Letters do appear,  
 That every word will make you drop a tear.  
 But you fair gentlewomen of this Isle,  
 He would have you to glance one gentle smile  
 On his Epistles, stil'd Heroical,  
 Because by Lords and Ladies written all.  
 You know that Love is the hearts pleasant tamer,  
 Whose motto is this, Omnia vincit Amor;  
 For he can with his lighted Torch enflame  
 Assoon the Lord and Lady, as the Swain.  
 If then you hope to be happy in Love,  
 If other sorrows may your pity move,  
 If you the complaints of fair Ladies tender,  
 Which English doth for your contentment render  
 Unto your view, let these Epistles here,  
 Enjoy your beauteous favour, shining clear  
 On Ovid, belov'd by th' Emperours daughter,  
 For which by Cæsar he was banisht after;  
 Yet this his comfort was in Banishment,  
 His Love, and Lines, did yield your sex content.  
 Let English Gentlewomen as kind appear  
 To Ovid, as the Roman Ladies were.

So wisheth, Wye Saltonstall.

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*Carmen instar mille*

*blondè laudantium*

*In laudem Authoris carmen non desit Amici:*

*Hoc opus Authorem laudat, hic Author opus:*

*This Author needs not owe any friend*

*For Verses in his praise:*

*The Author doth his work commend,*

*And his work gives him Bayes.*

# OVID'S

## EPISTLES.

### LIB. I.



#### The Argument of the first Epistle.

When the Grecians were with a great army do Troy, to revenge the rape of Helena, Ulysses the son of Laertes and Anticlea, not such delight in his young wife Penelope, that he contented himself with himself mad, thereby to enjoy her, and absent himself from the war.

But Palamedes discovering his purpose, he was compelled to go with the rest in the Trojan voyage. Where he fought many brave combats, and after the destruction of Troy, which had been ten years besieged, intending to return to his own Country, he took ship with other Grecian Princes, but through Minerva's displeasure, they were scattered and divided by such a violent tempest, that Ulysses wandered ten years more before he returned. So that his wife Penelope, having lived chastly in his absence, and not knowing what hindered his coming home, writes this Epistle unto him, wherein she perswades him many reasons to return to his own Country.

### PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

**M**Y dear Ulysses, thy Penelope  
Doth send this Letter to complain of thee;  
Who dost so long from me unkindly stay:  
Write nothing back, but come thy self away.  
For Troy now level with the ground is laid,  
Which was envy'd by every Grecian maid.  
Yet neither Troy, nor Priams wealth could be  
Worth half so much, as thy good company.  
O! I could wish that Paris had been drown'd,  
When his ship was to Lacedemon bound.  
Then had not I lain cold in bed alone,  
Nor yet complain'd that time runs slowly on;  
Nor yet to pass away the winters night  
Had I sat spinning then by candle-light,  
Fore-casting in what dangers thou mightst be,  
And such as were not like to trouble thee,  
Thinking on perils more than ever were,  
For love is always full of careful fear.  
The Trojans now, though I do thee assail,  
At Hecla's name my cheeks with fear grew pale.  
And when I heard Achilles was slain,  
By Hector, then my fears renew'd again.



And hearing how that *Patroclus* being clad  
 In *Achilles* armour, such ill fortune had,  
 That *Hector* slew him in that false disguise,  
 The sad report drew tears out of mine eyes,  
 Or when I of *Troilus* death did hear,  
 Who with his blood bedew'd *Sarpedon's* spear,  
*Troilus* death doth then my cares renew,  
 And I began straight way to think of you.  
 And lastly, if I heard abroad by fame,  
 That any of the Grecian side were slain,  
 My heart for fear of thee was far more cold  
 Than any Ice, when such bad news was told.  
 But the just Gods to us more kind do prove,  
 And more indulgent to our chaster love.  
 For stately *Troy* is unto ashes burn'd,  
 But my *Hesperus* lives, though not return'd.  
 The Grecian Captains are come home again,  
 The Altars do with joyful incense flame;  
 And all the Barbarous spoils which they did take,  
 Unto our Country gods they consecrate.  
 The love of wives is to their husbands shown  
 By gifts, which for their safe returning home,  
 Unto the Gods with grateful minds they bring,  
 While their husbands songs of *Troy's* destruction sing.  
 Old men, and trembling maids do both desire,  
 To hear the tale of *Troy*, which they admire,  
 And wives do hearken with a kind of joy  
 To their husbands talking of the siege of *Troy*.  
 And some now do upon their table draw  
 The picture of those fierce wars which they saw.  
 And with a little wine before pour'd down,  
 Can lively paint the model of *Troy* town.  
 Here's *Simois* flood, here's the *Sigean* land,  
 And here did *Prizus* lofty Palace stand.

Here did *Achilles* pitch his glittering tents,  
 And here *Ulysses* kept his regiments.  
 Here in this place did valiant *Hector* fall,  
 Whose body was drag'd round about the wall  
 Of *Troy*, to shew the enemies despite :  
 Putting the framing Horses in a fright.  
 For whatsoever in those wars was done,  
 Old *Nestor* did relate unto thy son,  
 Whom I had sent forth to enquire of thee;  
 And he did bring home all these news to me :  
 Bringing me tydings how *Dolon* by name,  
 And *Rhesus* by thy sword at once were slain.  
 While th' one of them in his dead sleep was kill'd,  
 And th' others blood by treachery was spill'd,  
 And thou amongst thy other bold attempts  
 By night didst set upon the *Thracian* Tents,  
 Slaying so many men ; how couldst thou be  
 So adventurous if thou hadst remembered me ?  
 And of thy other victories I did hear,  
 My heart did burn within my breast for fear,  
 But what although thy valour did confound  
*Troy* ; and did race the walls unto the ground ?  
 Shall I, as if *Troy* were besieg'd, still be  
 A widow wanting thy sweet company ?  
 That *Troy* doth stand I only find alone,  
 Others rejoyce that it is overthrowne,  
 Whose fruitful fields the conquering Grecians now,  
 Do with the *Trojan* Oxen daily plough,  
 For now ripe corn doth grow where *Troy* once stood,  
 And all the ground is fat with *Trojan* blood.  
 The crooked plough doth graze as it goes by  
 Upon mens bones, which there haile buried lie ;  
 So that they plough up bones as well as land,  
 And grafs doth grow where houses once did stand.



Yet having wasted *Troy*, thou keep'st it stray,  
 Nor do I know what moveth thee to stay,  
 Nor can by any means learn in what part  
 Of all the world thou (most unkindest) art:  
 If any ship unto our shore doth come,  
 Then to enquire of thee I straight do run;  
 And to the ship-master a Letter give,  
 To deliver unto thee if thou dost live:  
 Charging if that it be his chance to see  
*Ulysses*, he should give it unto thee.  
 I sent to *Pylus*, where *Nestor* did reign,  
 But I from *Pylus* heard no news again:  
 I sent unto the *Spartans*, who could tell  
 No tidings of thee, or where thou didst dwell.  
 O would that *Troy* were standing now again,  
 For whose destruction I did pray in vain!  
 If thou wert at the wars, I should know where  
 Thou wert, and of thy safety stand in fear.  
 And other women might with me complain,  
 Because their Husbands came not home again.  
 To grieved minds this may some comfort be,  
 To have companions in adversity.  
 I know not what to fear, yet all things fear;  
 My cares and sorrows never greater were.  
 Thinking what dangers by sea and land may  
 Enforce thee 'gainst thy will from me to stay.  
 While thus my fond affection doth excuse thee,  
 Perhaps thou in requital dost abuse me.  
 For I do fear thy fancy loves to rove,  
 And that thou hast some sweet-heart thou dost love  
 In forrain Countries; say, and it may be  
 That thou dost wooe her by disgracing me,  
 Telling her that thy Wife's a Country Jew,  
 That knoweth only how to spin at home.

and can make

B.

21

But of my hard belief I do repent,  
 I hope thou art not willingly absent.  
 My father *Icarus* would not have me stay  
 A widow still; but chide my delay:  
 But let him chide, *Penelope* will be  
 A constant wife *Ulysses* unto thee.  
 But though I do by fair entreaty still  
 Prevail so much that I do change his will,  
 Or alter it, so that he's not inclin'd  
 To use a Fathers power to force my mind:  
 The *Dulichians*, and the *Saniats* come to wooe me,  
 And the *Zacynthians* often come unto me:  
 And of forreign suiters such a wanton crue  
 Do haunt me, that I know not what to do.  
 Who in thy Palace do most freely raig, n,  
 Wasting those goods, which thou before didst gain.  
*Pisandrus*, *Polybus*, and *Meson* too,  
*Eurimachus*, and *Antinous* come to wooe  
 Me, and in thy absence do, consume and eat  
 That estate thou didst gain by blood and sweat.  
 Poor *Irus* and *Melanthinus* that doth feed  
 His sheep, are suiters too, and hope to speed.  
 And all thy household here doth but consist  
 Of three, that are too weak for to resist;  
 Namely *Laertes*, who is spent and done,  
 Thy wife; and young *Telemachus* thy Son,  
 Whom I had almost lost, while that he went,  
 To the City *Pylus* without our consent.  
 And when the fates our time of death assign,  
 May his hand close up both thy eyes and mine,  
 Our Oxe-herd, Swine-herd, and our old Mares, are  
 All of one mind, and do make the same prayer  
 And how can old *Laertes* power restrain  
 Those wanton Suiters which at home do raig, n,

*Telemachus*

*Telemachus* in time will grow more strong,  
 His Father now should keep him from all wrong.  
 I have no strength to drive these Suiters hence,  
 Then come thou home, and be thy own defence.  
 Think on thy son to whom thou shouldst impart  
 Instruction, that may season his young heart.  
 Think on *Laertes*, come and close his eyes  
 Who in his old age even bed-rid lies.  
 And think on me, for when thou wentst from home,  
 Full young was I, but now an old wife grown.

---

B 3

707

The Argument of the Fourth Epistle.  
 Emphorion, the son of Theoclymenus and Phaedra, returning home from  
 the Trojan wars, was met by a storm and a shipwreck. He was  
 saved by the daughter of Lycurgus and Calchontis, being told by  
 of Theoclymenus, gave him a new name, and both at board and ashore,  
 but when he had said a vessel with him, he was to be decked that ship.  
 These were dead, who had expected his return. Theoclymenus out of the city  
 of Athens, and showed the way to him to his house, being brought out  
 by the Kingdom, and the laws of Theoclymenus, and his wife.



The Argument of the second Epistle.

**D**Emophoon, the son of Theseus and Phædra, returning home from the Trojan wars, was driven by a tempest into Thrace; where Phyllis the daughter of Lycurgus and Crustamena, being then Queen of Thrace, gave him courteous entertainment, both at board and bed; but when he had staid a while with her, as soon as he heard that Mintheus was dead, who had expuls'd his Father Theseus out of the City of Athens, and assumed the government to himself, he being desirous to regain his Kingdom, desired leave of Phyllis to go and settle his affairs, promising

promising her within one month to return again: and so having made ready his ships, he sails to Athens, and carries there. When upon after four months were past, Phyllis writes this Epistle, perswading him to be faithful unto her, and to remember her kindness, and his own promise, which if he neglects to do, she threatens to kill her self, and so revenge the violation of her Maiden chastity.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

**P**hyllis that did so kindly entertain  
Thee, O Demophoon, must of thee complain;  
Before the Moons sharp horns were once grown round,  
Thou didst promise to land on the Thracian ground;  
But now four Moons are chang'd, four months are past,  
And yet thy ship is not return'd at last;  
If thou dost count the time, which we that are  
In love do strictly reckon with great care;  
Thou having broke thy promise needs must say,  
That my complaint comes not before the day.  
My fears were slow, for we do slowly give  
Credence to those things we would not believe:  
Which made me for thy sake even falsely vain:  
That the North-wind drove back thy sails again;  
Sometimes I fear'd I led that in Hellespont  
Thy ship might in those shallow waves be drown'd;  
Oft I besought the gods for thy return,  
And on their Altars did sweet incense burn:  
When the wind stood fair, I said to my self,  
Sure he will come now, if he be in health.  
My faithful love was witty to invent  
Something that might still hinder thy intent;  
But yet thou stayest, nor can thy promise move  
Thee to return, nor yet our former love.  
But I perceive, Demophoon, by thy stay,  
One wind did drive thy ship and faith away.

Thy Ship returns not, which makes me complain  
 That all thy faithful promises were vain  
 What have I done? Alas I rashly lov'd thee  
 And yet this fault to pity might have mov'd thee  
 I entertain'd thee, this was all my fault  
 Yet this offence might have been kindness thought  
 Where's thy faith, thy hand which thou didst give me  
 And oaths thou sworest to make me believe thee  
 Swearing by *Hymen* that thou wouldst not betray  
 But come again and thy poor *Phyllis* stay  
 And by the rugged Sea hast often swore  
 Which thou both hast and wilt still forsake  
 And by *Neptune* thy great God, who with his trident  
 Can calm the raging of the angry wind  
 By *Juno* who in marriage delights  
 And by torch-bearing *Ceres* my stick and staff  
 Should all these Gods revenge thy priories  
 Which are high treasons to their Majesties  
 And should all punish thee with one consent  
 Thou couldst not sure induce their punishment  
 To rig and mend thy Ship: I care did take  
 And in requital thou didst me forsake  
 I gave thee opportunity to run  
 Away, 'tis I that have myself undone  
 I did believe thy fair and gentle words  
 Of which the falsest heart most sure affords  
 And because thou didst come of a good descent  
 I did believe thou hadst a good intent  
 I did believe thy tears: and hast thou taught  
 Thy tears to be as false as was thy thought  
 O yes, thy tears would flow with cunning Art  
 When thou didst bid them to disguise thy heart  
 Thy vows and promises I did believe  
 And any of those oaths might me deceive

Not



Nor am I griev'd because I entertain'd thee,  
 Such kindneſſe ſhew'd to thee could not have ſham'd me  
 But I repent, becauſe to add more height  
 Unto thy entertainment, I got night  
 Did ſuffer thee to come into my bed,  
 Where thou didſt rob me of my Maiden-head  
 Would I had dy'd before that fatal night  
 Wherein I yielded thee ſo much delight.  
 For if I had not thus my ſelf betray'd,  
 Then *Phyllis* might have liv'd and dy'd a Maid.  
 But I did hope that thou more conſtant wert,  
 "That hope is juſt which ſpringeth from deſert.  
 For I did know I had deſerv'd thy love,  
 Which made me hope that thou wouldſt faithfull prove.  
 It is no glory to deceive a Maid,  
 Since the deſerveth pity that's betray'd  
 By her kind heart, and hath too ſoon believ'd,  
 For thus poor *Phyllis* was by thee deceiv'd  
 And 'ſtead of other praiſes may they ſay  
 That this was he that did a Maid betray;  
 When thy ſtatue ſhall be in the City plac'd  
 With thy fathers, which is with high titles grac'd,  
 When they ſhall read how valiant *Thiſeus* ſlew  
 Thoſe cruel thieves, and alſo did ſubdue  
 The *Minotaur*, and did the *Theban* tame,  
 And Centaures that by him were alſo ſlain;  
 And laſtly, when th' Inſcription ſhall relate  
 How he went to Hell and knockt at *Pluto's* gate;  
 This title ſhall ye on thy ſtatue read,  
 "This man deceiv'd his love, and from her fled.  
 In this thy Father thou doſt imitate,  
 That he fair *Ariadne* did forſake;  
 What he alone excuſed as a ſin,  
 That act thou only do'ſt admire in him:

Shewing

Shewing thy self in this to be his son,  
 That thou like him, hast a young maid undone.  
 But she is happily to *Bacchus* married,  
 And in his Chariot, drawn with Tigers, carried:  
 The *Thracians* do my marriage bed condemn,  
 Because I lov'd a stranger more then them:  
 And some perhaps will say in my disgrace,  
 Let her go to *Athens*, that most learned place;  
 Since she so kind hath to a stranger been,  
 The warlike *Thracians* will have a new Queen.  
 The end doth prove the action, but yet may  
 He want success, that thinketh so, I say:  
 That measures actions not from the intent,  
 But counts them good, that have a good event.  
 For if *Demophoon* would again return,  
 Then they would honour me whom now they scorn.  
 "Unfortunate actions do our credit stain,  
 I am faulty, because thou do'st not come again.  
 Methinks I see, how when thou leav'st our Court,  
 Thy ship being ready to forsake our Port;  
 Thy loving arms about my neck were spread,  
 Making my lips with tedious kisses red.  
 I wept, and when thou saw'st those tears of mine,  
 Thou also wept'st and mingled'st them with thine.  
 And then thou seem'd'st, with a treacherous mind  
 Sorry, because thou hadst so fair a wind.  
 And at the last, when thou must needs depart,  
 Then said'st, farewell fair *Phyllis* my Sweet-heart.  
 For when one moneth is come unto an end,  
 Look for *Demophoon* thy faithful friend.  
 Why should I look for thy return in vain,  
 Who hadst no purpose to return again?  
 Yet I'll look for thy coming back how ever,  
 For it is better to come late, than never.



I do fear thou hast a new Sweet-heart,  
 That doth alienate from me thy heart,  
 That thou forgotten *Phyllis* do'st not know  
 'Tis me, if *Phyllis* be forgotten so  
 Who did *Demiophoon* kindly entertain,  
 When forc'd by storms he to our Harbour came?  
 Whose necessities with treasure I supply'd,  
 And gave him many royal gifts beside.  
 My Kingdom unto thee I did submit,  
 Thinking a woman could not govern it:  
 Even all those goodly Lands I offered thee,  
*Twixt Hamus* and the shady *Rhodope*.  
 Besides, thou didst my Virgin Zone untie;  
 And violate my chaste Virginity.  
 And at our marriage the fatal Owle  
 Did sing, while mad *Tisiphone* did howle:  
*Alceste* with her snaky hair was there;  
 The Candles did like funeral-lights appear.  
 Oft sadly to some rock I go, whose height  
 May make me to see far at sea out-right  
 If it be day, or if the Stars do shine,  
 I look still how the wind stands at that time;  
 If a far off a ship I chance to see,  
 I straight do hope that it thy ship may be.  
 And then in haste upon the sands I run  
 So far, that I unto the Sea-waves come.  
 But when I have at length my error found,  
 Amongst my maids I fall down in a swoond.  
 There is a hallow Bay bent like a bow,  
 Whose rocky sides into the sea far go;  
 To cast my self from thence is my intent,  
 Since to deceive me thou art falsely bent.  
 For when thou seest my body like a wrack  
 Cast on the shore, I know thou wilt look back

On the sad sight, and though thy heart should be  
 More hard than Adamant, thou'lt pity me.  
 Sometimes I could drink poyson, or afford  
 To stab my tender brest with a sharp sword,  
 Or put a halter 'bout my neck, which oft  
 Thou hast imbraced with thy arms more soft.  
 For Ile revenge my loss of Chastity,  
 Though I am doubtful yet what death to dy.  
 And to declare my death from thee did come,  
 These lines shall be engray'd upon my tomb.  
 Phyllis that did *Demophoon* entertain,  
 Was by his unkindness, and her own hand slain.

*The*  
 Call on the shore, I know thou wilt look back  
 For when thou seest my body like a wreck  
 Sin to deceive me thou wilt still be  
 To call my self from thence is my intent,  
 Whole rocky sides into the sea I send;  
 There is a hollow Bay bent like a bow,  
 When I my mind I fall down in a swoon,  
 But when I live as length my error found,  
 So far, that I unto the sea-waves come.  
 And then I baste upon the sands I run  
 I struggle do hope that in my ship may be  
 Off a ship I chance to see.



The Argument of the third Epistle.

THE Grecians being arrived at Phrygia, began to take the Cities near Troy, especially those opposite to the Isle Lesbos. Achilles the Son of Peleus and Thetis, invaded both the Cilicians with Theban, and Lyrnessa besieged and took the Town Chryseus, and brought away two fair Virgins, Astinor, the Daughter of Chryses, called afterward by their Fathers names. Chryses, he bestows on Prince Agamemnon, but keeps Briseis to himself. But Agamemnon being

being commanded by the Oracle to restore Chryses to her Father,  
 Briseis from Achilles: who taking it as an indignity, absents  
 from the wars: no intreaty can prevail to make him fight against  
 Agamemnon sends him Briseis again with gifts, he sleights them  
 Briseis thereupon in this Epistle complains of his too violent anger,  
 treats him to fight against the Trojans, to accept Agamemnon's  
 offer, and receive her again.

## BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

**T**His Letter Briseis unto thee doth send,  
 Which I perhaps in Greek have rudely pen'd.  
 My tears did make those blots which thou dost see,  
 And yet these weeping blots may speak for me.  
 If a Captive may with modesty complain  
 Of thee, my Lord, do not my sute disdain.  
 Unto Agamemnon thou didst me resign,  
 And yet alas this was no fault of thine!  
 When that Euribates and Talchibius came  
 To fetch me, whom thou durst not then detain.  
 They wondred that thou couldst so soon deliver  
 Me to the Kings use, if thou lov'dst me ever.  
 Thou might'st have seem'd loath for to depart,  
 And have bestow'd one kiss on thy Sweet-heart  
 But yet I wept apace, my hair I tore,  
 As if I were a Captive made once more.  
 I often thought to steal away to thee,  
 But then I fear'd the Trojan enemy:  
 Left being surpriz'd by them in my attempt,  
 They should to Priams daughters me present.  
 But thou wilt say, thou couldst not me detain;  
 But yet thou mightst have fetcht me back again.  
 Remem'ber then did speak thus in my ears,  
 Why dost thou weep? thou shalt not stay long there.

ay, thou wilt not deceive me now again;  
and much less fetch her whom thou dost disdain.  
Nax and Phoenix both did come to thee,  
thy friend and cozen by consanguinity;  
and Ulysses, who with gifts and prayers did woo thee,  
to receive thy *Briſeis* when they brought me to thee.  
And for a present twenty basons brought,  
With seven three-footed tables carv'd and wrought:  
To these ten Talents of gold added were,  
and twelve brave Steeds that were train'd up to war,  
and many Captive maids, who with one look  
could take the Conqueror that had them took:  
and a fair Virgin that thy wife might be;  
but sure thou needst no other wife but me.  
From *Agamemnon* wouldst thou me redeem,  
that to receive these gifts so nice dost seem?  
*Achilles*, how have I mov'd thy neglect?  
Why dost thou now unkindly me reject?  
Or is its fortune's custom still to frown  
On those, who by misfortune are cast down?  
I saw thee when thou didst *Lyrnessus* take,  
And of thy *Briſeis* didst a captive make.  
I saw how many of my kindred were  
slain by thy valiant hand, and did lie there  
Panting for life, till their fresh wounds had bled  
So much, that all the earth was painted red.  
Yet when I lost those friends, I got another;  
Thou art my Lord, my Husband, and my Brother.  
And by thy Mother Queen, of the salt Flood,  
Thou swore'st all should turn unto my good,  
Binding thy self with promises, that I  
Should be most happy in captivity.  
But now both me, and those gifts which are sent thee,  
Thou dost refuse, for neither can content thee.

And

And I hear, to morrow by the break of day,  
Thou mean'st to take ship and sail away,  
When I did hear the news, my heart did fail,  
And presently my bloodless cheeks grew pale,  
But wilt thou go from me my Dear, and leave me?  
Unto whose custody wilt thou bequeath me?  
May I be laid into the earths cold bed;  
Or may the flaming thunder strike me dead;  
Ere I behold the ship, cutting her way  
Through the green waves while I am left to stay:  
If thou intendest to return again,  
Take me along, who no great burthen am;  
I'll follow thee and serve thee all my life  
As a poor Captive, not as thy dear wife,  
I can inure my hands to labour hard;  
And I can be content to spin or card.  
One of the fairest Maids that Greece ere bred  
Shall be thy wife, and warm thy nuptial bed;  
My humble thoughts do not so high aspire,  
To be thy servant is all I desire.  
I'll sit and spin untill my task be done:  
And untill all my Flax to thread be spun.  
Yet suffer not thy wife, I pray, to chide me,  
Because I love thee, she will not abide me.  
And do not suffer her to tear my hair;  
Think how of *Briseis* thou didst once take care;  
Nay though thou suffer her my hair to tear,  
Do not despise me, this is all my fear,  
What wouldst thou have? *Agamemnon* doth repent;  
And *Greece* for wronging thee is penitent.  
Subdue thy self, and now let him that hath  
Conquer'd so many, conquer his own wrath:  
Why dost thou let the coward *Ulysses* wait  
And spoil the *Grecians*? take thou arms at last.

*Achilles*



Achilles take thy arms, but first me take;  
 Then crush those fellows, and force them to quake.  
 For my sake thou wert angry and offended;  
 For me thy wrath began, in me let it be ended;  
 It's no disgrace unto my suit to yield;  
 Odines did go unto the field  
 Perswaded by his wife, though he laid by  
 His arms, and to aid his Country did deny;  
 She did perswade her valiant husband straight;  
 But my words have, alas! no power, nor waight.  
 I dare not call my self thy wife, for I  
 Have lived with thee in Captivity;  
 Though my Lord hath often call'd his handmaid  
 Unto his bed, and I have him obey'd,  
 I do remember that a captive Maid  
 Did call me Mistris; unto whom I said,  
 Lay not the waight of scorn on misery,  
 That title suits not with Captivity.  
 For by my fathers ashes I do swear,  
 Of whom a reverend memory I bear;  
 By my three brothers souls, whose blood was spill'd  
 For their Country, and in its defence were kill'd;  
 By my lips, and by those lost lips of thine  
 Which we did often times together joyn;  
 And by thy sword I swear, since I went from thee,  
 That Agamemnon never lay with me.  
 But for thy honesty thou dar'st not swear,  
 If I should put thee to thy oath, I fear.  
 The Grecians think with sorrow thou art pin'd;  
 But thou hast musick to refresh thy mind;  
 While thy Sweet-heart doth chase thee in her arms  
 Making her moistned kisses powerful charms  
 To stay thee there, which makes thee loath to fight;  
 Love and sweet musick, yields thee more delight.

It is the safer course in bad being laid,  
 To sport thy self with some young fearful Maid;  
 Or when with those loves thou art tyr'd too much,  
 To give thy Thracian Lyre a gentle touch;  
 Than to hold Buckler or sharp-pointed Spear,  
 Or on thy head a waighy Helmet wear;  
 Yet in brave actions thou didst once delight,  
 And to win glory only thou wouldst fight.  
 Didst thou love war till I was captive made?  
 And is thy Valour since that time decay'd?  
 The gods forbid, I hope to see thy Spear  
 Wound valiant *Hector*, who doth no man fear.  
 Let the Grecians send me to my Lord to plead  
 Their cause with kisses, I can intercede  
 More powerfully than *Phoenix* or *Ulysses*,  
 There is a sweeter eloquence in kisses.  
 If I incircle thee within mine arms,  
 My close embraces are like powerful charms;  
 My naked brest being in thy view laid open,  
 Will soon perswade thee, though no word be spoken.  
 If thou wert like the sea, void of compassion,  
 My silent tears would move commiseration.  
 As thou desirest thy fathers length of dayes,  
 Or to see *Pyrrhus* crown'd with wreaths of Bayes,  
*Achilles* take thy *Brisis* once again,  
 Have pity on that grief which I sustain.  
 If thy love be turn'd to hate, yet do not flout me,  
 Kill me out-right, who cannot live without thee.  
 Nay, thou dost kill me, for my strength doth fade,  
 My beauty and fresh colour is decay'd.  
 Yet I do hope thou wilt thy *Dulcis* take,  
 And this hope makes me live, even for thy sake.  
 But if my hopes of thee do fail, then I  
 To meet my *dearest* and husband will dye.



Yet when others shall perchance read my sad story,  
To kill a woman will yield thee no glory.  
Yet let no other kill me, thy weapon can  
Kill me as soon as any other man.  
Let thy sword give me such a wound, that I  
May bleed with pleasure, and so bleeding die.  
Let thy sword send me to *Elysian* rest,  
Which might have wounded *Hector's* valiant breast.  
But let me live if thou art pleased so,  
Thy love doth ask what thou grant'st to thy foe,  
And rather kill thy *Trojan* foes than I  
Express thy valour on thy enemy.  
And whether thou intend'st to go or stay,  
Command me as my Lord to come away.

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C 2

The



The Argument of the fourth Epistle.

**T**heseus the son of Aegeus having slain the Minotaur, brought away by ship Ariadna daughter to Minos and Pasiphae, to whom for helping him in killing the Minotaur, he had promised marriage, and her sister Phaedra. But admonished by Bacchus, he leaves Ariadna in the Isle Naxos or Chios, and marries Phaedra, who in Theseus absence falls in love with her son-in-Law Hippolytus, Theseus son by Hippolyte an Amazon. He being a Bachelor, and much addicted to hunting,

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ing, she having no opportunity to speak unto him, discovers her love by this Epistle; wherein cunningly wooing and perswading him to love her, and lest it might seem dishonesty in a mother to solicit her son in law, she begins with an Insinuation.

## PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS.

**P**hædra unto Hippolytus sends health,  
Which unless thou giv'st me, I must want my self:  
Yet Read it, for a Letter cannot fright thee,  
There may be something in it may delight thee.  
For these dumb Messengers sent out of hand,  
Do carry secrets both by sea and land.  
The foe will read a letter, though it be  
Sent to him from his utter enemy.  
Thrice I began my mind to thee to break,  
Thrice I grew dumb, so that I could not speak.  
There is a kind of modesty in love,  
Which hindreth those that honest suits do move.  
And love hath given command that every lover  
Should write that which he blusheth to discover.  
Then to contemne Loves power it is not safe,  
Who over all the gods dominion hath.  
'Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,  
Who ruleth over all the gods above.  
Love bid me write, I followed his direction,  
Who told me that my lines should win affection.  
O! since I love thee, may my love again  
Raise in thy breast another mutual flame.  
That love which hath been a long time daisy'd,  
At last grows violent, and must be obey'd:  
I feel a fire, a fire within my heart,  
And the blind wound of love doth rage and smart.  
As tender Heyfers cannot brook the yoke,  
Nor the wild Colt, that is not broken nor break,

Endure the bridle, so loves yoke I find.  
 Is heavy to an unexperienc'd mind.  
 When 'tis their art, and they can easily do it,  
 That from their youth have been train'd up unto it;  
 She that hath let her time run out at waste,  
 Her love is violent when she loves at last,  
 The forbidden fruits of love I keep for thee,  
 In tasting them let us both guilty be.  
 It is some happiness to pluck and cull  
 Fruit from a tree, whose boughs with fruit are full;  
 Or from the bush to gather the first Rose;  
 I am the tree and bush where loves fruit grows:  
 Yet hitherto my fame was never blotted;  
 But for white chastity I have been noted;  
 And I am glad that I my love have plac'd  
 On one by whom I cannot be disgrac'd.  
 Adultery in her is a base fact,  
 That with some base fellow doth commit the act.  
 But should *Juno* grant me her *Jupiter*,  
 In love I would *Hippolytus* prefer.  
 And since I lov'd thee, I do now embrace  
 Those sports which thou dost love; to hunt and chase  
 Wilde savage beasts, for I would gladly be  
 A Huntress to enjoy thy company;  
 And now like thee, no Goddess I do know,  
 But chaste *Diana* with her bended bow.  
 I love the woods, and take delight to set  
 The toy's, and chase the Deer unto the net.  
 And I do take delight to hoop and hollow,  
 And cheer the dogs, while they the chase do follow.  
 To cast a dart I now am cunning grown,  
 Sometimes upon the grass I lie along,  
 Sometimes for pleasure in a Chariot drive,  
 Reining the horse that with the bridle strives.

Some-

Sometime like those mad *Sacchis* I do run,  
 Who pipe when they to the *Idian* hill do come;  
 Or like those that have seen the *horned fawns*,  
 And *Dryads* lightly tripping o're the lawns.  
 In such a frantick fit they lay I am,  
 When Love torments me with his raging flame;  
 And this same love of mine perhaps may be  
 By fate entail'd upon one family,  
 For it is given to us in love to fall;  
 And *Venus* takes a tribute of us all.  
 For first, great *Jupiter* did rarely gull  
*Europa* with the false shape of a Bull.  
 My mother *Pasiphae* in a Cow of wood  
 The leaping of a lustful Bull withstood;  
 My sister likewise to false *Theseus* gave  
 A Clew of silk, and so his life did save,  
 Who through the winding labyrinth was led  
 By the direction of this slender thread.  
 And now like *Mino's* stock, I even I  
 Love as the rest did, in extremity.  
 It fortunes that our love thus cross should be,  
 Thy father lov'd my sister, I love thee.  
 Thus *Theseus* and *Hippolytus* his son  
 Do glory that their love hath overcome  
 Two sisters, but I would we had remain'd  
 At home, when we came to thy fathers land.  
 For then especially thy presence mov'd me,  
 And from that time I ever since have lov'd thee.  
 My eye convey'd unto my heart delight,  
 To like of thee, for thou wert cloth'd in white.  
 A flowry garland did thy soft hair crown,  
 And thy complexion was a lovely brown,  
 Which some for a stern visage had mistook;  
 But *Phedra* thought thou hadst a manly look.

For young-men should not be like women drearily  
 A careless dressing, doth become themselves  
 Thy sternness, and loose flowing of thy hairs,  
 And dusky countenance most graceful were;  
 While thy curvetting Steed did bound and riddling  
 I admir'd to see thee ride him in the rings;  
 If with thy strong arm thou didst restrain him,  
 Thy nimble strength I did approve and like;  
 Or, if thou took'st thy Javelin in thy hand,  
 Me thought thou didst in comely posture stand;  
 For all thy actions yielded me delight;  
 And did appear most graceful in my sight;  
 Of the woods wildness do not then partake,  
 Nor suffer me to perish for thy sake;  
 For why shouldst thou in hussing spend thy leisure,  
 And not delight on Venus sweetest pleasure?  
 There's nothing can endure without decay,  
 By which our wearied bodies are decay;  
 And thou might'st imitate thy Disa's bow,  
 Which if too often bended, weak will grow;  
 Cephalus was a Woodman, man of great fame,  
 And many wild beasts by his hand were slain;  
 Yet with Aurora he did fall in love,  
 Her blushing eauty did his fancy move;  
 While from her aged husbands bed he rose,  
 And wisely to young Orpheus he goes;  
 Venus and young Adonis would be  
 Together on the grass most wont to lie;  
 And underneath some tree in shelter sit,  
 They would lie kissing in the shade together;  
 Atalanta did Oenides fancy move,  
 And gave her wilde beauty to his love;  
 And therefore why may'st thou not fancy me,  
 Sith without love the woods unpleasant be.



For I will follow thee o're the rocky cliff;  
 And never fear the boars sharp fanged teeth;  
 Two seas the narrow *Stymus* do oppose,  
 The raging waves on both sides of it flows,  
 Together thou and I will govern here  
 Thy Kingdom, than my Country far more dear:  
 My husband *Theseus* hath long absent been,  
 He's with his friend *Pirithous*, it doth seem.  
*Theseus* (unless we will the truth deny)  
 Doth love *Pirithous* more than thee or I.  
 'Tis his unkindness that he stays so long,  
 But he hath done us both far greater wrong.  
 With his great Club he did my brother slay,  
 And left my sister to wild beasts a prey.  
 Thy mother was a warlike Amazon,  
 Deserving favour for thy sake her son:  
 Yet cruel *Theseus* kill'd her with his sword,  
 Who did to him so brave a son afford.  
 Nor would he marry her; for he did aim  
 That as a bastard thou shouldst never reign;  
 And many children he on me begot,  
 Whose untimely death not I but he did plot;  
 Would I had died in labour, ere that I  
 Had wrong'd thee by a second Progeny.  
 Why shouldst thou reverence thy father's bed,  
 Which he doth shun, and now away is fled?  
 As a mother be to love her son enclin'd,  
 Why should vain names fright thy courageous mind?  
 Such strict preciseness former times became,  
 When good old *Saturn* on the earth did reign.  
 Now *Saturn*'s dead, his laws are cancell'd now;  
 Love rules, then follow what *Jove* doth allow;  
 For *Jove* all sort of pleasure doth permit,  
 Sisters may marry if they think it fit,

With

With their own brothers; *Venus* bonds doth tie  
 The knot more close of consanguinity.  
 Besides, who can our stoln joyes discover?  
 With a fair outside we our fault may colour:  
 If our embraces were discern'd by long;  
 They would say that mother surely loves her son.  
 Thou need'st not come by night, no doors are bar'd  
 And shut on me, thy passage is not hard;  
 One house as it did once, may us contain;  
 Thou oft hast kist me, and shalt kist again.  
 Thou shalt be safe with me, nay, wert thou seen  
 Within my bed, such faults have smoother'd been.  
 Then come with speed to ease my troubled mind,  
 And may love alwaies prove to thee more kind.  
 Thus I most humbly do entreat and sue,  
 Pride and great words become not those that woo.  
 Thus I most humbly beg of thee alone,  
 Alas! my pride and my great words are gone.  
 To my desires long time I would not yield;  
 But yet at last affection won the field.  
 And as a Captive at thy royal feet  
 Thy mother begs; *Love* knows not what is meet.  
 Shame hath forsook his Colours in my cheek;  
 It is confest, yet grant that love I seek.  
 Though *Minos* be my father, who keeps under  
 His power the seas, and that darts thunders  
 Be my Grand-father; and he be a kin  
 To me, that hath his forehead circled in  
 With many a clear beam, a sharp pointed ray,  
 And drives the purple Chariot of the day,  
 Love makes a servant of Nobility  
 Then for my Ancestors even pity me.  
 Nay *Creet*, *Jovis* Island, shall my Dowry be,  
 And all my Court (*Hippolytus*) shall serve thee.

My mother softned a Bulls stern breast,  
 And wilt thou be more cruel than a beast?  
 For love-sake love me, who have thus complain'd,  
 So may'st thou love and never be disdain'd:  
 So may the Queen of Forests help thee still,  
 So may the Woods yield game for thee to kill:  
 May Fawns and Satyres help thee every where,  
 So may'st thou wound the Boar with thy sharp spear,  
 So may the Nymphs give thee water to slake  
 Thy burning thirst, though thou do Maidens hate.  
 Tears with my prayers I mingle, read my prayers,  
 And imagine that you do behold my tears.

---

*The*



The Argument of the fifth Epistle.

**H**ecuba Daughter to Cisseus, and wife to Priam bring with child, dreamt that she was delivered of a flaming Fire-brand, that set all Troy on fire. Priam troubled in mind, consults with the Oracle, receives answer, that his son should be the destruction of his Country, and therefore as soon as she was born, commands his death. But his Mother Hecuba sends her son Paris secretly to the Kings Shepherds. They keep him, till being grown a Young-man, he fancied the Nymph Oenone, and married her. But when Juno, Pallas, and Venus contended about the golden

golden Apple, which had this inscription, *DETOR PULCHRIORI*,  
 let it be given to the fairest, Jupiter made Paris their Judge. To  
 whom Juno promised a Kingdom, Pallas Wisdom, Venus Pleasure, and  
 he fairest of Women; but he gave sentence for Venus. Afterward be-  
 ing known by his Father, and received into favour, he sailed to Spar-  
 ta, whence he took Helen wife to Menelaus, and brought her to Troy.  
 Denone hearing thereof, complains in this Epistle of his unfaithfulness;  
 persuading him to send back Helen to Greece, and receive her again.

## OENONE to PARIS.

**U**Nto my *Paris*, for though thou art not mine,  
 Thou art my *Paris*, because I am thine,  
 A Nymph doth send from the *Idle Hill*  
 These following words, which do this paper fill.  
 Read it, if that thy new wife will permit,  
 My letter is not in a strange hand writ.  
 Denone through the *Phrygian* woods well known,  
 Complains of wrong, that thou to her hast done,  
 What god hath us'd his power to cross our love?  
 What fault of mine hath made thee faithless prove?  
 With deserv'd sufferings I could be content;  
 But not with undeserv'd punishment.  
 What I deserve, most patient I could bear,  
 But undeserv'd punishments heavy are.  
 Thou wert not then of such great dignity,  
 When a young Nymph did first marry thee;  
 Though now forsooth, thou *Prize's* son art prov'd,  
 Thou wert a servant first, when first we lov'd:  
 And while our sheep did graze, we both have hid  
 Under some tree together in the shade;  
 Whose boughs like a green Canopic were spread,  
 While the soft grass did yield us a green bed:  
 And when the dew did fall, we often lay  
 In a poor Cottage, upon straw or hay.

I shew'd thee both, what Lawns and Forests were  
 Likely to yield much store of game, and where  
 The wild beasts did in secret caves abide,  
 And their young ones in the hollow Rocks did bide.  
 To set thy Toyls with thee I oft have gone,  
 After the Hounds I o' re the hills have run.  
 My name on every Beech-tree I do find.  
 Thou hadst engrav'd *Oenone* on their rind,  
 And as the body of the tree doth, so  
 The letters of my name do greater grow.  
 Close by a River (I remember it)  
 These lines are on an *Alder* fairly writ;  
 And may the *Alder* flourish still and spread,  
 Because these lines may on the bark be read  
 When *Paris* doth to *Oenone* false become,  
*Xanthus* unto his spring doth backward run,  
*Xanthus* run back, thy course now backward take,  
 For *Paris* doth his *Oenone* forsake.  
 That day did unto me most fatal prove;  
 That day began the winter of thy love,  
 When *Venus*, *Juno*, and fair *Pallas* came  
 Naked before thee, and did not disdain  
 To chuse thee for their Judge, when thou had'st told  
 The story to me, my faint heart grew cold,  
 Of the experienc'd I did counsel take,  
 They did resolve me, thou wouldst me forsake.  
 For thou didst build new ships without delay,  
 And didst send forth a Fleet to sea straightway.  
 Yet thou didst weep at thy departure hence;  
 Do not deny it, it was no offence;  
 For by my love thy credit is not stain'd,  
 But of loving *Helex* thou may'st be sham'd,  
 Thou wept'st it, and also at that very time  
 Thou saw'st me weep, my tears dropping with thine.



And as the Vine about the Elme doth winde,  
 So thy arms were about my neck entwined,  
 When thou complaind'st because the winds crosse were,  
 The Sailers laught, because the wind stood fair,  
 Thou didst kiss me oft, when thou didst depart,  
 And thou wert loth to say, Farewel, Sweet-heart.  
 At last, a gentle gale of wind did blow,  
 So that thy ship from land did slowly go.  
 I looking after thee, long time did stand  
 Weeping, and shedding tears on the dry sand.  
 And to the green *Nereides* I did pray,  
 Thy voyage might be speedy without stay:  
 For me it was too speedy, since that I  
 Sustain the loss of thy false love thereby.  
 To *Thessaly* my Prayers have brought thee safe,  
 And for a Whore my prayer prevailed hath.  
 There is a Mountain that to sea doth look,  
 Which beating of the foaming waves can brook:  
 From hence when I beheld thy ship was coming,  
 Into the Sea I presently was running:  
 But standing still, at length I might discern  
 A purple flag, which waved on the stern;  
 Then whether it were thy ship I did doubt,  
 Because such colours thou didst not put out,  
 But when thy ship to shore did nearer stand,  
 And a fair gale did bring it close to land,  
 A womans face I straightway did behold,  
 Which made my heart to tremble, and wax cold.  
 And while I stood doating there, I might espie  
 Thy sweet-heart, that did on thy bosome lie.  
 O then I wept, my breast I strook and beat  
 And tore my cheeks, that with my tears were wet;  
 Filling the Mountain *Ida* with my cries:  
 And there I did bewail my miseries.

May *Helena* at last so weep, so grieve,  
 When thou dost falsly her forsake and leave:  
 And may she that this wrong to me doth offer,  
 Be wrong'd in the like kind, and like wrong suffer.  
 When thou wert poor, and led'st a Shepherd's life,  
 None but *Omens* was thy loving wife.  
 'Tis not thy wealth, nor state that I admire;  
 Nor to be *Priam's* daughter do I desire.  
 Yet *Priam*, nor his *Hecuba*, need disdain  
 Me for their daughter, since I worthy am.  
 I am fit to be a Princess, to command,  
 A royal Scepter would become my hand,  
 Despise me not, because that I with thee  
 Have lain under some shady Beechen-tree.  
 For I am fitter for thy royal bed,  
 When it with purple Quilts is covered.  
 Lastly, my love is safety, since for me  
 No wars shall follow, nor no Fleet shall be  
 Sent forth; but if thou *Helena* do take,  
 She shall by force of arms be fetched back.  
 Blood is the portion which thou shalt obtain,  
 If thou dost marry with this stately Dame.  
 Ask *Hector* and *Deiphobus*, if the  
 Should not unto the *Greeks* restored be;  
 Ask *Priam*, and *Antenor's* wife and grave,  
 Who by their age much deep experience have,  
 For to prefer a beauteous rape before  
 Thy Country, must be bad and base all o're;  
 Since to defend a bad cause is a shame,  
 Her Husband shall just wars 'gainst thee maintain.  
 Nor think that *Helena* faithful will become,  
 Who was so quickly woo'd, so quickly won.  
 As *Menelaus* grieves, because that she  
 Hath with a stranger, by adultery

Wrong

Wrong'd the chaste fires of the Nuptial bed,  
 And let a stranger so adorn his head:  
 So thou wilt then confess, no art, or cost  
 Can purchase honesty, that once is lost.  
 She that is bad once, will in bad persevere,  
 And being bad once will be bad for ever.  
 As she loves thee, so she before did Love  
*Menelaus*, unto whom she false did prove.  
 Thou might'st have been more faithful unto me,  
 As thy brother was to fair *Andromache*.  
 But thou art lighter than dry leaves, which bend  
 By every wanton wind blown off the tree.  
 Or like the waving corn, which every whiff  
 Of wind doth bend, until it grow more stiff.  
 Thy Cozen once (for I remember it well)  
 With dishevell'd hair did thus my fate foretell:  
 What dost thou *Gerone*? why dost thou sow  
 The barren sands? Or why do'st thou thus go  
 About to plough the shore? it is in vain;  
 Such fruitless tillage can yield thee no gain.  
 A Grecian Maid is coming that shall be  
 Fatal unto thy Country, and to thee.  
 And may the ship be drown'd in the salt flood,  
 Whose sad arrival shall cost so much blood.  
 When she had said thus, straight my flaxen hair  
 Began to heave and stand upright for fear.  
 Alas, thou wert too true a Prophetess,  
 For she is come, and doth my place possess!  
 Yet she is but a fair adulteress,  
 Who with a strangers love was so soon took;  
 And for his sake her Country hath forsook.  
 Besides, one *Thebes* (though I know not whom)  
 Brought her out of the Country long ago.  
 And canst thou think an amorous young man  
 Would send her a pure Virgin back again?

If thou wouldst know how *False Truth's* duncy,  
 It is my Love, Love doth in all things pry;  
 If thou call'st her fault a rape, yet that name  
 May seem to hide her fault, but not her shame.  
 Since she so often from her Country went,  
 'Twas not by violence, but by her consent.  
 Though by deceit thou me instructed hast,  
 Yet *Oxens* still remain'd chaste.  
 I hid me in the woods, while the wanton rout  
 Of nimble Satyres sought to find me out:  
 And horned Fawnes with wreaths of sharp Pine crown'd  
 Over the Mountain *Ida* sought me round.  
 For great *Apollo* that protecteth *Troy*,  
 The spoils of my Virginity did enjoy,  
 By force against my will; for which disgrace  
 I tore my guileless hair, and scratcht my face.  
 Yet neither precious stones could me entice,  
 Nor gold; for I set on my self no price.  
 She that hath wit, and ingenuity,  
 Seemeth for gifts to sell Virginity.  
*Apollo* thought me worthy to impart  
 To me the skill of Physick, and his Art:  
 The verue of all Herbs he did reveal  
 To me, and shew'd what Herbs have power to heal.  
 Yet wo's me, that no powerful Herb is found,  
 That can recure Loves inward bleeding wound.  
 Since great *Apollo* who did first invent  
 The art of Physick, yet for my fate went  
 And kept *Admetus* Oxen; for the flame  
 Of my love turn'd him to a Shepherd Swain.  
 Though *Apollo's* art, nor Herbs, cannot relieve me;  
 Yet thou can'st helpe me, and some comfort give me.  
 Thou can'st, O then have pity on a Maid.  
 For me the Grecians shall not thee invade.

As from my blooming years, and childish time  
I have been; so let me still remain thine  
O mine,



The Argument of the Sixth Epistle.

THE Oracle had told Pelias the son of Neptune, that he should be  
near his death, when, as he was sacrificing to his Father, he  
should come to him with one foot naked and bare. As he was performing  
his yearly sacrifice, Jasom son to Helon, and his Nephew having left

one of his shoes sticking in the mud of the River Anaurus, hasting to the sacrifice, meets with him on foot naked. Pelias remembering the Oracle, persuades Jason to go to Colchos to fetch the golden Fleece, hoping his destruction by the impossibility of the attempt. But courageous Jason willingly undertook the Voyage, and so accompanied with many Grecian Nobles, he set forth in the ship Argo from Pegasus a Haven of Thessaly, and sailed to the Isle Lemnos: where when the women consented to kill all the Men on one night, Hypsipile who had only preserved her Father Thoas alive, then reigned, and at board and bed kindly entertained Jason, But after two years, the time and opportunity of his company urging him to proceed in his intended attempt, he leaves Hypsipile with child, and sails to Colchos; where by Medea's art having charmed the Dragon fast asleep, and overcome the fierce Bulls, he brought away the golden Fleece and Medea. Hypsipile being grieved that Medea was preserved before her, in this Epistle congratulates Jason's return, rails on Medea's cruelty and witchcraft, to make her contemptible; and lastly, curses both Jason and Medea.

### HYPSPIPHILE to JASON.

**T**O Thessaly thou art return'd again,  
 Rich in the Golden Fleece, which thou didst gain.  
 I am glad thou'rs well, yet it were better  
 If I had heard of thy health by thy Letter.  
 It may be that the wind did not stand fair,  
 That to my Kingdom thou couldst not repair;  
 And yet although contrary winds stood cross,  
 To venture a letter had been no loss.  
 Hypsipile had deserv'd thy salutations,  
 Sent in a Letter of kind commendations.  
 I heard not by thy letters, but by fame,  
 That thou didst *near* this sacred Oxen tame;  
 And how the Dragons teeth being sow'd, did bring  
 Forth armed men, which from the earth did spring.



In whose blood thou didst not thy hand imbrew,  
 For those sons of earth one another slew,  
 And from the watchful Dragon, while he slept,  
 Thou took'st the golden Fleece which he had kept:  
 What sudden joy had I conceiv'd at it,  
 If thou this joyful news to me hadst writ!  
 Of thy unkindness why do I complain:  
 I fear thou dost my former love disdain.  
 A barbarous Enchauntress thou hast brought,  
 And her more worthy of thy love hast thought;  
 Love soon believes; yet I wish, I may be  
 Censur'd for rashness in accusing thee.  
 From *Thessaly* a stranger came of late;  
 And as soon as he was come to my gate,  
 I askt him how my *Jason* did, and staid  
 Looking down to the ground, no answer made:  
 Straightway into a passion I did break,  
 Tearing my garments, and thus I did speak;  
 Tell me if that my *Jason* live, that I,  
 If he be dead, may follow him and die.  
 He lives, sayes he: and yet through loving fear  
 I scarce believ'd him, though that he did swear.  
 But when my doubtful mind his words believ'd,  
 I askt what valiant deeds thou hadst achiev'd:  
 And he related the whole story how  
 Thou mad'st the brazen-footed Oxen plough,  
 How from the Dragons teeth on the earth sowd  
 A harvest of brave armed souldiers growd;  
 Which earth-sprung men did straightway fall at jars,  
 And slew each other in their civil wars:  
 And that thou kildst the Dragon: when I heard  
 These deeds of thine, again I grew affraid;  
 Again I asked him, if *Jason* did live,  
 His words through fear, I hardly could believe;

Yet by the carriage of his speech I found,  
 That thy unkindness had given me a wound.  
 Where are thy promises? those marriage bands,  
 Which once did joyn our loving hearts and hands?  
 Or where is *Hymens* torch that burnt so bright?  
 Fitter to have been a sad funeral light.  
 I was no whore; *Juno* and *Hymen* too.  
 At our glad Nuptials themselves did show.  
 Not *Juno*, nor *Hymen*, when we did marry,  
 But *Erinyes* did the fatal torches carry.  
 The *Thessalians* and *Minyas* strangers were  
 To me; and why did *Typhis* put in here  
 His Ship? Here is no wealthy Ram doth bear  
 A golden Fleece upon his back, nor here  
 Doth old *Aeo's* fair lofty Palace stand.  
 This *Lemnia* is a little small Island;  
 I had resolv'd (but fate did it withstand)  
 To drive thee from hence with a Feminine ban.  
 Though *Lemnian* women had their husbands kill'd,  
 I thought 'twas pity thy blood should be spill'd.  
 Thy first sight in me such a King bred,  
 That I entertain'd thee at board and bed.  
 And thou two Summers with me stay'dst here,  
 And while two winters so passed were.  
 And the third year, when thou didst sail away,  
 With weeping tears unto me thou didst say,  
*Hypsibite*, though I am forc'd to go  
 And leave thee here, yet I would have thee know,  
 That till I do return again, I'll be  
 Alwaies a faithful Husband unto thee.  
 And may that prosper which is in thy womb,  
 To make me a glad Paron when I come.  
 Then down thy face thy cunning tears did fall,  
 The rest for grief thou couldst not speak at all.

Of all thy company thou wastst last of all  
 Aboard the ship which thou didst first call:  
 Away it flies, when once the hollow sail  
 Was driven forward with a lusty gale;  
 And while thy ship the blew waves pass'd o're,  
 I lookt upon the sea, thou to the shore.  
 And then unto my Turret I did go,  
 While tears did down my cheeks and bosome flow:  
 I looked through my tears and they did seem,  
 As if they watry perspectives had been:  
 For thorow them me thought that I could  
 Things farther off than I was wont to do.  
 Then I made vows, and I did chafly pray  
 For thy return, which vows I now should pay.  
 But shall I pay vows for *Medea's* good?  
 Love mixt with anger doth enrage my blood.  
 Because I have lost *Jason* that doth live,  
 Shall I Sacrifices on th' Altar give?  
 I must confess I alwaies was afraid  
 Lest thou shouldst marrv some young Grecian Maid.  
 I fear'd the Grecian Maids, but thou hast brought  
 A barbarous Harlot, of whom I ne're thought:  
 She cannot please thee with her beauteous look,  
 With her charms and skill in herbs thou art took.  
 For from the Sphear she can call down the Moon,  
 And hide in clouds the Horses of the Sun;  
 She can make Rivers stay their hasty course,  
 And make green woods and stones remove by force.  
 Unto the graves with loosen'd hair she comes,  
 And out of the warm ashes gathers bones.  
 When she would bewitch another, she doth frame  
 In wax his picture, and t' increase his pain  
 In the heart of it small needles doth stick,  
 Which maketh his own heart to ake and prick.

And by her curled charms she can force love,  
 Which beauty and fair vertue ought to move.  
 How canst thou then embrace her with delight?  
 Or sleep securely by her in the night?  
 But as she did with charms the Dragon quell,  
 And Bulls, so she hath charm'd thee with a Spell;  
 Besides of glory she will have a share,  
 Out of those deeds by thee performed were.  
 And some of *Pelias* side will think each deed  
 Of thine, did from the force of charm proceed;  
 And that though *Jason* sailed unto Greece,  
*Medea* brought away the golden Fleece.  
 Thy father and thy mother both are wroth,  
 That thou shouldst bring a wife out of the North,  
 A husband for her my at home be found,  
 Or else where *Tanais* doth *Scythia* bound.  
 But *Jason* is more fickle than the wind,  
 And in his words no constancy I find.  
 As thou went'st forth, why didst not come again?  
 Coming and going I thy wife remain.  
 If Nobility of birth can thee content,  
 King *Thonis* is my father by descent;  
*Bacchus* my Uncle is, whose wiles crown shines  
 With stars enlightning all the lesser signs.  
 And faithful *Lemnos* shall my Dowry be,  
 Which thou might'st have, if that thou would'st have me.  
*Jason* for my delivery may be glad  
 Of that sweet burthen which by him I had;  
 For *Lucina* unto me so kind hath been,  
 That I two children unto thee did bring.  
 They are most like to thee in outward show,  
 Yet they their fathers falsehood do not know;  
 These young Embassadors I to thee had sent,  
 But their step-mother hindered my intent.

feared fierce *Medea*, whose hands be  
ready to act all kind of villany.

She that her brothers limbs could piece-meal tear,

Would she have pity on my children dear?

And yet her charms have madly blinded thee,

To prefer her before *Hypsipyle*.

She was an adulteress when first she knew thee;

By chaste marriage was given to thee.

She betray'd her father, I sav'd mine from death;

She forsook *Colchos*, but me *Lemnos* hath.

And though her dowry be her wickedness,

From me she got my Husband nevertheless.

*Jason*, I blame the *Lemnian* women's act,

Yet wronged sorrow thrust us on each fact.

Tell me, suppose cross winds by chance had droven

Thee, and thy company into my Haven;

If with my children I had come to meet thee,

With curses might not I most justly greet thee?

How couldst thou look upon my babes or me?

What death deserv'st thou for thy treachery?

To preserve thee it had my mercy been,

And sure I had, though thou unworthy seem.

And with the harlots blood I would not fail

To fill my cheeks, which her charms have made pale.

*Medea* to *Medea* I would be,

And furiously revenge my injury.

If great *Jupiter* will my prayer receive,

Like to *Hypsipyle*, so may she grieve.

And since she like a *Succubus* me wrongs,

May she know what unto my grief belongs.

And as I am of my husband bereft,

May she be a widow with two children left;

As to her brother, and her father she

Was cruel, may she to her husband be.

And

And may she wander, o're earth, sea, and ayre  
 A hatred murderess, hopeless, poor, and bare.  
 Having lost my Husband thus I pray beside,  
 May he live accursed with his wicked Bride.



The Argument of the seventh Epistle.

After the destruction of Troy, Aeneas the son of Anchises and Venus, taking his Penates or household gods with him, goes



sea with twenty ships. Through tempestuous weather at sea, he is driven to Lybia where Dido (as Virgil hath fained) Daughter to Belus, and wife to Sichæus Hercules Priest, leaving Tyre, for the cruel avarice of her brother Pigmalion, who had unawares kill'd her husband for his wealth, and built the new City Carthage: she most magnificently entertained Æneas and his companions, loved him, and enjoyed him: but when Mercury admonish'd him to depart for Italy, which Country the Oracle had promised him: Dido, having in vain endeavour'd by entreaty to divert him from his purpose, and stay his journey, being sick to death, writes unto him, accusing him as the cause of her death.

## DIDO to ÆNEAS.

**A**s the Swan by Meanders fords doth lie  
In the moist weeds, and sings before she die:  
So I not hoping to perswade thy stay,  
Since one that will not hear me I do pray.  
Having lost my credit and Virginity,  
To lose a few words a small loss will be;  
For thy poor Dido thou mean'st to forsake,  
And unto sea wilt a new voyage make.  
Æneas, thou wilt needs depart from me,  
To find strange Kingdoms out in Italy.  
Thou can'st not for new Carthage, or my Lands  
Whose Scepter I have given into thy hands.  
Thou shun'st my Country which might be thy own,  
And seek'st a Country unto thee unknown;  
Which if thou findest out, thou canst not gain;  
For who will suffer a stranger to reign?  
Thou seekest another *Dido* whom in Love  
Thou may'st deceive and false unto her prove;  
Or when I ke unto Carthage canst thou build  
A City, that doth store of people yield?

If all things happen to thee prosperously,  
 Where wilt thou find so kind a wife as I?  
 Like a wax taper I burn with desire,  
 Or like sweet incense in the funeral fire;  
 And still I wish, *Aeneas* would but stay,  
*Aeneas* I do think on night and day.  
 He careless of my love, and gifts doth seem,  
 Had I been wise, I had not car'd for him.  
 Yet I cannot hate *Aeneas*, although he  
 Doth plot some unkind dealing against me.  
 Of thy unfaithfulness I do complain,  
 Having complain'd, I love thee more again.  
 Spare me, O *Venus*, since thou art his mother;  
 Help me, O *Cupid*, since thou art his brother;  
 Soften his heart, that he may milder prove,  
 And be a souldier in the tents of Love.  
 And since to love him I think it no shame,  
 O may he love me with a mutual flame!  
 Thou art some false *Aeneas* I do find,  
 Thou do'st not bear thy mothers gentle mind.  
 Stones, Rocks, and Oaks are hard like to thy brest,  
 More merciless than any salvage beast,  
 Or than the seas, which winds do now incense,  
 Yet with contrary winds thou wouldst go hence:  
 Winter to stay thy journey hence assaies,  
 Look how the Eastern winds the waves do raise  
 Then to the winds let me beholding be,  
 Though for thy stay, I had rather owe to thee.  
 But I see rugged seas, and blustering wind  
 More just and gentle are, than thy false mind.  
 To untimely death I would not have thee come,  
 (Although deserv'd) while thou from me dost run.  
 Is thy life so cheap, or hatred such at most,  
 That thou wilt leave me, though thy life it cost?

The winds, and waves, their fury will appease;  
 When *Triton* drives his blew steeds o're the seas.  
 Would thy affections would change with the wind!  
 They will, if thou bear'st not a cruel mind.  
 Had'st thou not known the sea, what wouldst thou do?  
 Since having try'd it, thou wilt trust it too.  
 Though to weigh anchor the smooth sea perswade thee;  
 Yet in the Ocean dangers may invade thee.  
 The sea doth favour no unfaithful men,  
 But for unfaithfulness doth punish them.  
 Specially such as do their sweet hearts wrong,  
 Since naked *Venus* from the green sea sprung.  
 Take care for him, that would me forsake,  
 And am afraid the sea should thee ship-wracked  
 Live, for bad fame is worse than death can be,  
 When the world shall say that thou hast kill'd me.  
 Suppose a storm at sea should thee assail;  
 Would not thy courage then begin to quail?  
 Thy false oaths then would come unto thy mind,  
 And *Dido* whom thou kill'd'st by being unkind.  
 My bloody shape would hideously appear  
 Before thy eyes, with loose long-spreading hair  
 Then thou wou'dst say, this thundering storm is sent  
 Justly, for my deserved punishment.  
 Until thou maist go safely, do but stay;  
 It would comfort me, if thou wou'dst delay  
 Thy voyage; spare *Ascanius* thy son,  
 Though I by thee to untimely death do come.  
 What have *Ascanius*, or those gods deserv'd  
 Drowning, which were by thee from fire preserv'd?  
 But though thou bragd'st some; yet I do fear,  
 Thy gods and father thou didst never bear  
 Upon thy shoulders, through the flaming fire;  
 For I am jealous that thou wast a lyer.

For I am not the first, whom thou didst wrong;  
 Or first deceive with thy alluring tongue.  
*Ascanius* mother too by thee was left,  
 And thy unkindness her of life bereft.  
 Thou told'st me so much, which I now believe;  
 And the sad story made my heart to grieve;  
 And that the gods do hate thee it appears,  
 Who hadst wander'd by sea and land seven years;  
 Drown'd by storms I did thee entertain,  
 And gave thee all, ere I scarce knew thy name;  
 And would that I had only been content  
 To have entertain'd thee, and no further went.  
 For I should happy be if Fame would die,  
 And never tell how I with thee did lie.  
 That day was fatal, when a shewre us drave  
 To meet together in a silent Cave;  
 Me thought I heard the Nymphs begin to howle,  
 The Furies at that present time did scowle.  
 Now thou dost punish me for *Sichens* sake,  
 To whom my faith I then did violate.  
 And sure my ghost will even blush for shame;  
 When after death we two do meet again.  
*Sichens* Statue in a sacred place  
 Stands cover'd with leaves, and a woollen case:  
 From whence me thought a hollow voice did say,  
 And sometimes call *Elisa* Come away.  
 I come, and yet the fault that I have done  
 Is the cause that I am so slow to come.  
 Pardon me, since that no base fellow wrought  
 My ruine, and this may excuse my fault;  
 Since he from *Venus* and *Aschises* came,  
 I hoped that he faithful would remain.  
 And though I err'd, I had a good intent;  
 Of his faithhood, not my error I repent;

at as at first, so now at last I find;  
 That fortune still doth prove to me unkind.  
 My brother at the sacred Altar kill'd  
 My husband, and his blood for wealth be spill'd,  
 And after like a banish'd creature I  
 From my own Country was enforc'd to fly.  
 Raping my brother, strangers here receiv'd me,  
 And bought this land which I would have giv'n thee:  
 And built this City, compassing it with wall,  
 Ten round about with a defensive wall.  
 When sudden wars did me straightway invade,  
 Before that I the City gates had made:  
 And many suiters did of me approve,  
 Who all did come to wooe, and win my love.  
 Now to Iarbas I yield me up at leaseure,  
 Since thou hast obtain'd of me thy own pleasure.  
 My brother in my blood desires to stain  
 His hand, by whom my husband first was slain,  
*Phoenias*, do not thou presume to touch  
 The Altars of those gods, who would too much  
 Thy presumptuous prayers be profan'd,  
 List not unto the gods an impure hand:  
 For if to worship them thou shouldst aspire,  
 They would be sorry that they scap'd the fire.  
 And that I am with Child too it may be,  
 And that the fruits of Love now grow in me:  
 And as thou hast the mother first undone,  
 To untimely death my babe shall come.  
 That *Alcanus* his unborn brother  
 Shall die, like an unripe fruit in his mother.  
 At *Mercury* for staying here hath chid thee,  
 Would he had for coming too forbid thee.  
 And I do wish the *Trojans* had ne're found  
 Or landed on the *Carthaginian* ground.

Tost with contrary winds, thou hast long time  
 Sought that land which *Jopella* did assign;  
 To return to *Troy* thou wouldst not take such pain,  
 If *Hector* liv'd, and *Troy* did stand again.  
 Thou seek not *Simoeis*, but swift *Tyber* River,  
 And shalt be a stranger when thou comest thither;  
 Which thou shalt not discover, nor behold,  
 Until perhaps thou art in years grown old.  
 But rather take this Kingdom, and the wealth  
 Of *Pigmalion*, as a dowry to my self.  
 Let ancient *Troy* in *Chryseis* now remain,  
 Take thou the Royal Scepter and here reign.  
 If thou, or else thy young son *Julus* art,  
 Desirous to get honour by the war;  
 Here thou shalt find a foe to overcome,  
 For sometimes the red colours and the drum  
 Do banish peace, therefore I intreat of thee  
 As thou lov'st thy Country, gods, and company,  
 Spare me; I beg it by thy brother's darts,  
 Young *Cupid* that doth wound all mortal hearts.  
 So may thy *Trojans* still victorious be,  
 And *Troy's* destruction end thy misery.  
 So may *Ascanius* in his youth be blis,  
 So may *Anchises* bones still safely rest.  
 Though I offer thee my self, do not reject me;  
 What is my fault, but that I do affect thee?  
 I am not come of the *Myrcian* blood,  
 By friends, or father, thou art not withstood.  
 Or if to call me wife thou do'st disdain,  
 Call me thy Hostess, I will take that name.  
 Or with any other name thou shalt assign,  
 I am content, so *Dido* may be thine.  
 I know the seas, that beat the *offshore* shoar,  
 At certain seasons may be pass'd o're;  
 Act



When the wind stands fair, thou wilt sail away,  
 Now thy ships in the weedy haven stay.  
 The time of thy departure let me know,  
 Menot stay thee, if thou desir'st to go.  
 But yet thy company desire some rest,  
 To rig, and trim thy torn ships were best.  
 O! if I have deserved any way  
 Of thee, I beg of thee a while to stay,  
 Until the sea grow calm, and till my Love  
 By use of time more temperate do prove,  
 That I may learn, by length of time to be  
 Valiant, in suffering of adversity.  
 If not, to kill my self is my intent,  
 If to be cruel to me thou art bent,  
 For I do wish, thou couldst behold or see,  
 In what sad posture I do write to thee.  
 One hand to write unto thee doth afford;  
 The other hand doth hold thy Trojan sword:  
 And down thy cheeks the trickling tears do slide  
 On the sword, which shall with my blood be dy'd.  
 It was thy fatal gift, and it may be  
 To send me to my grave, thou gav'st it me;  
 And though this first do wound my outward part;  
 Yet cruel Love long since did wound my heart.  
 O sister Anna, thou that counsell'd'st me  
 To yield to Love, shall now my funeral strep  
 With urne, to which my ashes thou committe,  
 Thy wife to Sidi shall be writ.  
 And these two verses shall engraven be  
 On the marble that doth cover me,  
 How did to me my death afford;  
 How did he kill me with his own sword.

E

The



The Argument of the eighth Epistle.

**H**ermione the daughter of Menelaus and Helen, was by Tyndarus her Grandfather by the mother's side, when Menelaus had committed the government of his house, which he had by the Trojans, to Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, and Clytemnestra. Her father Menelaus not knowing this, had been made blind by Paris, the son of Achilles, who had taken her from him. He stole away Hermione. But for hating Pyrrhus, and loving Orestes,

admonishes him by this Letter, that she might be easily taken from  
 Pyrrhus; and she obtained her desire. For Orestes being freed from  
 his madness, for murdering Agasthus and his mother, his sister Pyrrhus  
 in Apollo's Temple, and took her again.

## HERMIONE TO ORESTES

**H**ermione writes to him that was of late  
 Her husband, now another wife by fate,  
 Pyrrhus, Achilles stout son takes delight  
 To keep me from thee against law and right.  
 I did strive with him, but my force did fail,  
 A womans strength could not against him prevail.  
 Pyrrhus, quoth I, what dost thou do ere long  
 My Lord on thee will surely revenge this wrong.  
 But of Orestes name he would not hear,  
 But drag'd me home even by my loosen'd hair.  
 Should the barbarous foe Lacedaemon take,  
 He cou'd but thus of me a captive make.  
 And conquering Greece us'd not Andromache,  
 When they set fire of Troy, as he us'd me.  
 But Orestes if th' art toucht with this delight,  
 Then fetch me back again, I am thy right.  
 To fetch thy stolen cattel thou wilt go,  
 Why then to fetch thy wife art thou so slow.  
 By thy father why dost not example take,  
 Who by a just war did his wife fetch back.  
 Had he led in his Court an idle life,  
 Thy mother then had been young Paris wife.  
 If thou do come, thou needst not provide  
 A fleet, or store of Souldiers besides.  
 Yet so I might be fetch'd back again,  
 A husband for his wife may war maintain.

And *Atræus* was Uncle unto either,  
 So that thou art my husband and my brother.  
 O! husband then, and brother, help thou me,  
 For these two names implore some help of thee.  
 My grand-father *Tyndarus*, grave in his life  
 Deliver'd me unto thee as thy wife.  
 My father unto *Pyrrhus* promis'd me,  
 But my grand-father would dispose of me:  
 When I marry'd thee, I did to none belong,  
 If *Pyrrhus* marry me, he doth thee wrong.  
 My father will let us love, and enjoy,  
 For he was wounded by the winged boy;  
 And will permit us to love one another,  
 In the like sort as he did love my mother.  
 As he my mother's husband was, thou art  
 My husband, *Pyrrhus* playeth *Paris* part.  
 Though he boast deeds were by his father done,  
 Thy father by his actions fame hath won.  
*Achilles* did for a common souldier stand,  
 But *Agamemnon* Captains did command.  
*Pelops*, and his father thy Ancestors were,  
 Thou art but five descents from *Jupiter*.  
 Nor didst thou courage want, though thou didst kill  
 Thy father; and his precious blood didst spill;  
 Would thy valour had been happilier employ'd,  
 Though he were unwillingly by thee destroy'd.  
 For thou *Clytus* kill'dst unluckily,  
 And didst fulfill thy hapless fate thereby.  
 When *Achilles* utteth this one fault of thine,  
 And before me doth make it a great crime.  
 My blushing colour, and my heart doth rise,  
 And my old love revives, and glowing lies  
 Within my breast, if that *Orestes* be  
 By any one accused to thee.

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For then I have no strength in any part;  
As if a sword were thrust into my heart;  
I weep, and then my tears my anger show  
Which like two Rivers down my bosome flow.  
Plenty of tears I only have, which rise,  
Wetting my cheeks from the springs of my eyes.  
And this sad fate, which happens unto me,  
Hath been the fortune of our family.  
I need not tell how *Jupiter* became,  
To deceive us, a fair and milk-white Swan.  
How *Hippodamia* in a Strangers Chariot,  
Over the *Hellepont* was swiftly carried.  
My mother *Hellen*, in *Paris* took delight,  
For whom the *Grecians* ten whole years did fight,  
My Grand-father, my sister and each brothe  
Began to weep, for the loss of my mother;  
And *Leda* did her earnest prayers prefer  
Unto the gods, and to her *Jupiter*;  
While I did tear my hair and to her cry'd,  
Mother, must I without you here abide?  
And lest that I should not be thought to be  
Of *Peleus* most unhappy progeny;  
My mother being with *Paris* gone away,  
I unto *Pyrrhus* was soon made a prey.  
If *Achilles* had escap'd *Apollo's* bow,  
He would have then condemn'd his son, I know,  
He knew by *Briseis* loss, which he could not brook,  
That from their husbands wives should not be took.  
Why are the gods thus cruel unto me?  
What sad star rul'd at my Nativity?  
For in my younger years I was bereft  
Of my mother and was of my father left,  
Who went unto the wars, yet ne' rethelss  
Although they liv'd, yet I was Parentless,

Nor could delight my mother, as you see  
 Children will do, with hammering flattery;  
 Nor round about her neck my weak arms clap,  
 While she would fondly let me on her lap.  
 Nor did she teach me how to dress my head,  
 Nor did she bring me to my marriage bed.  
 For when she did return (truth Ile not smother)  
 I did not know her then to be my mother..  
 I knew that she was *Helen* by her beauty,  
 She knew not me when as I did my duty.  
 'Mongst all these miseries I most happy am,  
 That *Orestes* for my husband I did gain.  
 Yet he, alas, shall from me taken be,  
 Unless he do fight for himself and me:  
*Pyrhus* hath took me, and doth me enjoy,  
 This is all I got by the fall of *Troy*.  
 Yet while the Sun with his bright rayes doth shine,  
 My sorrows are more gentle all that time.  
 But when at night with grief I go to bed,  
 And on my pillow rest my weary head;  
 The tears, when I should entertain soft sleep,  
 Spring in my eyes, and I begin to weep;  
 And from my husbands side as far off lie,  
 As if he were to me an enemy.  
 Sometimes through grief forgetting where I am,  
 I have toucht some part of *Pyrhus*, and again  
 I have pluckt back my hand; for I did grutch  
 That I his body with my hand should touch.  
 Such was my hatred, that I did esteem  
 My hands by touching him, had polluted been.  
 And it doth often chance that I do call  
*Pyrhus*, *Orestes*, and it doth befall,  
 I love my error, as a sign of luck,  
 When I have thy name, for his name misluck.



By *Jupiter*, from whom our house did rise,  
Who ruleth both the Sea, the Land, and skies;  
I pray, by thy Fathers, and thy Uncles bones,  
Which do rest underneath their marble stones,  
That I may presently resign my life,  
Or else may be once more *Orestes* wife.

---

E 4

The



The Argument of the ninth Epistle.

**J**upiter having joyned three nights in one, begot Hercules on Alcmena, in the shape of her husband Amphytrio; Eurystheus King of the Mycenians, by Juno's subtilty perswades him to attempt difficult labours, so to endanger his life. Yet he by strength and policy, alwayes got the victory; and to obtain Deianira for his wife, Achelous a River of Ætolia, after many changes of shapes, he overbrowed the figure of a Bull; yet though he overcame many Monsters, he was overcome

came by Love. For Eurythus King of Oechalia denying him his  
 daughter Iole, formerly promised unto him, he took his City, slew Eu-  
 rithus and obtained Iole, with whose Love he was so blinded, that at  
 command he laid by his Lyons skin and Club, and putting on wo-  
 mens cloaths, sat and spun amongst her Maids; and was as subject to  
 Jealousie, as he had been to Omphale Queen of Lydia, on whom he begot  
 Antus. His wife Deianira Daughter of Oeneus King of Calydon, un-  
 derstanding of his base and servile dotage, writes to him, and lays be-  
 fore him his former worthy acts, that this present disgrace by compari-  
 son to them, might appear more to the life. But as she was writing she  
 understood of Hercules suffering, by the shirt she had sent him dyed in  
 the blood of the Centaure Nessus, to retain him from wandering affe-  
 ction (for so bad Nessus persuaded her, whom in passing o'er the River  
 Oeneus, Hercules slew with a poisoned arrow) being much grieved  
 at that, she clears her self that she did not thereby intend his destruction,  
 but the regaining of his love, and concludes with a Tragical resolution.

## DEIANIRA to HERCULES.

Am glad thou Oechalia hast won,  
 For husbands honour doth the wife become.  
 But I am sorry that a Captives beauteous look  
 should take the conquerour, that hath her took.  
 When Fame the sad report at first did bring  
 of the Greek Cities on her nimble wing;  
 I thought this action was not of the colour  
 of those brave deeds, which shew thy glory fuller;  
 From Juno, nor her labours ever broke,  
 Made him yield unto her yoke.  
 Neptune is glad, and Jupiters wife,  
 To see this action blot thy fair spent life:  
 We can I think three nights were joyn'd in one  
 of thy begetting or conception.  
 None is worse then Juno thy step-dame,  
 By oppressing thee she rais'd thy fame.

But

But *Phrygia* makes thee basely think it meet,  
 To put thy humble neck beneath her feet.  
 The world, environ'd round with the blew seas,  
 Was settled by thy conquering hand in peace,  
 By which both sea and land enjoy sweet rest,  
 Thy fame is spread abroad from East to West.  
*Hercules* strength, and *Atlasses* were even,  
 For *Hercules* and *Atlas* bore up heaven.  
 But yet with last thy former deeds thou stain,  
 Thy glory turneth to thy greater shame.  
 In thy Cradle thou wert like unto thy father,  
 When thou didst strangle two Snakes joyn'd together,  
 Thy child-hood and thy man-hood I do see,  
 But far unlike, and far most different be.  
 Thy beginning was far better than thy end,  
 The last act of thy life doth most offend.  
 Wild beasts, and enemies thou couldst overcome,  
 But Love the victory over thee hath won.  
 Some think I am well married; because I am  
 Wife to great *Hercules*; that very name  
 Is happiness; besides my father-in-law  
 Is *Jove*, whose thunder keeps the world in awe.  
 But I am over-matched with thee now,  
 Unequal Oxen awkwardly do plough,  
 Thy honour like a burthen I do carry,  
 "Shee's fitly matcht, that doth her equal marry."  
 For *Hercules* is absent from the hill,  
 While he fierce Monsters and wild Beasts doth kill,  
 Thus widdowed, I offer sacrifice,  
 Lest thou shouldst be slain by thy enemies.  
 Me thinks I see how thou dost take delight,  
 With Serpents, Boars, and Lyons still to fight.  
 Strange visions in my sleep to me appear,  
 And my dreams oft put me into a fear.

Sometime

sometimes I do believe the common fame,  
 sometimes I hope, sometimes I fear again,  
 my mother is from home, and doth complain,  
 because her beauty did a god exclaim.  
 Thy own father is from home,  
 and little *Hyllus* also thy young son,  
 only do perceive *Eurythicus* hath  
 made thee a sacrifice to *Juno's* wrath.  
 To perform labours he did thee perswade,  
 which done, the goddess' wrath is not allay'd,  
 and to encrease my grief thou dost approve  
 a captive maid, who is become thy love.  
 will not mention how thou didst dally  
 with *Auge* in the sweet *Parthenian* valley,  
 or how the Nymph *Oriens* was defil'd,  
 and wantonly by thee was got with child:  
 nor will I urge it as a fault, not I,  
 thou didst with *Thespius* fifty daughters lye.  
 that which grieves me was thy adultery,  
 which thou committedst with thy *Omphale*,  
 and on her didst beget a bastard son,  
 to whom I must a mother-in-law become.  
 the winding River which they call *Meander*,  
 who in his turning banks about doth wander,  
 hath seen when *Hercules* a fine chain wore  
 on those shoulders which heavens weight once bore.  
 Didst thou not blush to wear a golden twist,  
 or bracelet made of Pearl about thy wrist?  
 Or that a golden bracelet should contain  
 thy brawny arms which had so stoutly slain  
 the *Nemean* Lion, whose rough shaggy hide  
 thou didst wear on thy shoulder and left side?  
 besides this thou didst descend to wear  
 Coif, or Kerchief on thy stubborn hair.

It were more fit thy Temples had been crown'd,  
 With victorious wreaths, than with a fillet bound.  
 Yet as if thou wert some young girl, thou hast  
 Worn *Omphale's* girdle round about thy waist,  
 Thou thought'st not of fiery *Dionell* as then,  
 Who fed his horses with the flesh of men.  
 Had *Busiris* seen thee dress'd thus, he would be  
 Asham'd that he had been o'recome by thee.  
*Arcus* may knock off his bolts, and chain,  
 And set his neck at liberty again,  
 For what captive is there with patience can  
 Suffer under such an effeminate man?  
 Besides, amongst the *Grecian* Maids ( 'tis said )  
 That thou didst sit, and spin, and wert afraid,  
 Lest thy mistress *Omphale*, when she espied thee,  
 Idle by chance, should frown on thee, and chide thee.  
 And thy victorious hands did not then scorn  
 To spin, which once such labours did perform.  
 For thou didst draw the chred with thy huge thumb,  
 And gav'st account at night what thou hast spun.  
 Sometimes as thou sat'st spinning, thou hast broke  
 With boisterous handling, both thy wheel and rock :  
 And like a poor unhappy wretch, 'tis said,  
 That of thy mistress thou wert so afraid,  
 That if she chid thee, thou wouldst trembling stand,  
 For fear of swathing with a Holly wand ;  
 And to win favour, thou wouldst often tell  
 Of thy labours, which thou ought'st to conceal ;  
 Discourfing unto her how thou hadst won  
 Much honour, by those deeds which thou hadst done ;  
 How in thy child-hood thou didst boldly rear  
 The *Hydra's* speckled jaws, which hideous were ;  
 How thou didst kill the *Erinur* bear Boar,  
 Which on the ground lay weltering in his goar.



then of *Diomedes* didst relate,  
 how thou nail'd the heads of men upon his gate,  
 how thou fill'd his pamp'rd Horses with their flesh,  
 how thou didst his cruelty suppress;  
 how thou hadst the monster *Cacus* slain;  
 how thou kept his flocks upon the hills of *Spain*;  
 how thou of three-headed *Cerberus* thou didst tell,  
 how by his snaky hair thou drag'dst from hell;  
 how the *Hydra* by thy hand was slain,  
 whose heads being lopt off would grow forth again.  
 how thou of *Anteus*, whom thou crush't to death  
 between thy arms, and didst squeeze out his breath;  
 how thou the *Centaures* thou subdu'dst by force,  
 that were half men, and half like to a horse;  
 how thou wert in soft silken robes array'd,  
 how these stories wert not thou dismay'd;  
 how thou think whil'st thou didst thy labours tell,  
 how a womans habit did become thee well;  
 how *Omphale* hath took thy Lyons skin  
 away from thee, and dress'd her self therein;  
 how thou boast now of thy valour it is vain,  
 how *Omphale* in thy stead plaies the man:  
 how she in valour doth exceed thee far,  
 how she hath conquered the conquerour;  
 how by subjecting thee, she now hath won  
 the glory, which did unto thee belong.  
 how shame to think! the skin which thou didst tear  
 from the Lyons ribs, thy *Omphale* doth wear;  
 how thou art deceiv'd, 'tis not the Lyons spoil;  
 how thou foil'dst the Lyon, she thy self doth foil;  
 how she that only knoweth how to spin,  
 how she wear thy weapons also doth begin.  
 how she takes the conquering Club into her hand,  
 how afterwards before her glass will stand,

Viewing

Viewing her self, to see what *Helianth* done,  
 If that her husbands weapons her become.  
 I could not believe, when I heard it said,  
 The sad report unto my heart convey'd  
 Much grief; but now my wretched eyes behold  
 The Harlot *Jole*, that thy courage quell'd.  
 Such are my wrongs, that I must needs reveal  
 My grief and sorrow I cannot conceal.  
 Thou broughtst her through the City in despite,  
 Because I should behold the hated sight;  
 Not like a Captive, with her hair unbound,  
 And a dejected look fixt on the ground;  
 But of rich cloath of gold her garments were,  
 Such as thy self in *Phrygia* did wear;  
 She in her passage graciously did look  
 On the people as if she had *Hercules* took;  
 As if her father liv'd and did command  
*Oechalia*, which was rais'd by thy hand.  
*Deianira* it may be thou wilt forsake,  
 And of thy former whore a wife wilt make;  
 So that *Hymen* shall both joys the heart and hands  
 Of *Hercules* and *Jole* in his bands.  
 When in my mind these passages I behold,  
 My hands and limbs with fear grow stiff and cold.  
 In me thou formerly didst take delight,  
 And for my sake two several times didst fight;  
 Plucking off *Abeluis* horn, who after  
 Did hide his head in his own muddy water.  
 And *Nessus* was slain by the poison'd head  
 Of thy arrow, whose blood dy'd the River red.  
 But O alas! I heard abroad by fate,  
 Thou art tormented with much grief and pain,  
 By the shirt dyt in his blood, which I saw thee,  
 But yet indeed no harm at all I meant thee.

be so, then what am I become?  
What is it that my furious love hath done?  
*Deianira* straight resolve to die,  
And at once thy grief and misery  
All this same poison'd shirt tear off his skin?  
And wilt thou live that hath the causer bin  
All his torment? No, though not my life,  
Death shall shew that I was *Hercules* wife.  
And, *Meleager*, I will shew thereby  
Thy self thy sister, I'm resolv'd to die.  
Unhappy fate! *Oeneus* royal throne  
My Father who is very aged grown )  
Thou hath, *Tydeus* in forraign land  
Both wander still, and in the fatal brand  
Thyself perish'd, and my mother kill'd  
Herself, and with her hand her own blood spill'd.  
Then why doth *Deianira* doubt to die?  
And so conclude this wicked Tragedy?  
Let this one suit to thee I only move;  
And beg this of thee for our former love;  
That thou wouldst not believe, or think I meant  
To procure thy death, by that gift I sent.  
When the cruel *Centaur* bleeding lay  
With thy arrow in his brest, he then did say,  
His blood, if thou the vertue of it prove,  
Will cause affection, and procure true love.  
Now his treachery I have understood;  
For I dipt a shirt into his poison'd blood;  
And sent it, which hath caus'd thy misery;  
And *Deianira* straight resolve to die,  
Farewell my Father, *George* too farewell,  
Farewell my brother and Country where I dwell,  
And I do bid farewell to the day-light,  
Which my eyes shall never more have sight.  
Farewell

Farewell to *Hyllus* my young little son,  
Farewell my husband; Death, I come, I come.



The Argument of the tenth Epistle.

**M**inotaur the son of Jupiter and Europa, because the Athenians treacherously slain his son Androgeus, enforced them by a bloody war to send him every year as a tribute seven young Men, and many young Virgins to be devoured by the Minotaur, which by De-

gallus Art Pasiphae had by a Bull, while her husband Minos was at the Athenian wars. The lot falling on Theseus, he was sent amongst the rest; but Ariadne instructed him how to kill the Minotaur, and rescu'd him out of the Labyrinth, as Catullus saith, and

Errabunda regens tenui vestigia filo: hanc

Guiding his steps, which she led,

By a Clew of slender thread

Afterward Theseus departing from Crete with Ariadne and Phaedra, he arriv'd at the Isle. Naxos, where Bacchus admonish'd him to leave Ariadne, and he accordingly left her when she was fast asleep: As soon as she awaked, she writ this Letter, complaining of Theseus cruelty and ingratitude, and in a piteous manner desires him to come back again, and take her into his ship.

## ARIADNE to THESEUS

I Have found all kindes of beasts much more milde  
And gentle than thy self, who hast beguild  
My trust: for it had been more safe for me,  
To have believ'd a salvage beast, than thee.  
This letter, Theseus, from thence doth come,  
Where thou didst leave me, and away didst run;  
When I was fast asleep, then thou didst leave me  
Watching that opportunity to deceive me:  
It was at that time when the heavens strew  
Upon the earth their sweet and pearly dew,  
And the first waking birds did now begin,  
In the cool boughs to tune their notes and sing;  
I being half asleep and half awake,  
Yet so much knowledge had, that for thy sake,  
With my hand I felt about thy warm place,  
Thinking in deed my Theseus to embrace:  
I felt about the bed, but he was gone,  
I felt about again, but there was none.

E

Then

Then with my wretched hand I strook my breast;  
 And tore my loosen'd hair, that was undrest.  
 The Moon shin'd bright, so that I looked o're  
 To the sea-ward, but saw nothing but the shore;  
 Now here, and there confusedly I ran,  
 The heavy sand did my swift feet detain:  
 At last I called *Theseus* on the shore;  
 The hollow Rocks thy Name did back restore;  
 The eccho call'd as many times as I,  
 And seem'd to help me in my misery.

There was a Mountain topt with some few bushes,  
 Under those rocky sides the Sea still rushes:  
 On it I clamber'd up, Love gave me strength,  
 Whence I could see far unto sea at length:  
 From hence I saw the winds did cruel find  
 Discern'd a ship that sail'd with the North wind;  
 I saw it, or I thought I did behold

It, which did make my heart half dead, and cold:  
 Yet sorrow would not suffer me to lie  
 Long in this Trance, but comming out of't I  
 Cry'd out, O *Theseus*! whether dost thou run?  
 Return, O *Theseus*, and to me back come.  
 Turn back thy ship again for to take me,  
 Thou wantest one yet of thy company.

Thus did I cry, and strike my breast betwixt,  
 While blows and words were both together mixt.

Though thou could'st not hear me, yet I did stand  
 Spreading my arms abroad upon the land,  
 That thou might see me; and a white flag hung  
 To make thee see me, who from me didst run.

Thy ship at last did sail quite out of my sight,  
 And then the tears ran down my cheeks outright.  
 For how could my sad eyes but chuse to weep,  
 After thy sails out of my sight did slip?

Abroad



Abroad I wander'd with loose flowing hair,  
 Like women that by *Bacchus* enraged are.  
 Sometimes I looking unro sea would sit  
 On a stone, as void as the stone of wit:  
 Then to the bed I wallet, where he had lain,  
 Which never should receive us more again;  
 And it a pleasure unto me did seem,  
 To touch the warm place where thy limbs had been:  
 And in the very place I down would lye,  
 With weeping tears, and thus begin to cry:  
 Sweet bed, we both have lain on thee together,  
 As two lay down, two should have risen together.  
 But I on this forsaken Isle am left,  
 Of men and all humanity bereft.  
 The sea encompasseth this Island round,  
 No ship or Pilot from this Isle is bound.  
 Suppose I could a ship and wind command,  
 I dare not sail back to my Father's land.  
 Though my ship through the smooth sea did glide on,  
 And winds stood fair, I am banisht from home,  
 And from *Creet*, that a hundred Cities had,  
 Where *Jove* was nursed when he was a lad.  
 Betray'd my Father by that plot I fram'd,  
 And Country, where he long uprightly reign'd.  
 And lest thou in the Labyrinth hadst dy'd,  
 I gave thee a Clew of thred thy steps to guide.  
 By those past dangers thou didst swear to me,  
 That thou, while I did live, wouldst constant be.  
 Live, and find thee false, if't may be said  
 Of lives, that by a false man is betray'd.  
 Could thy Club had kill'd me, as't did my brother,  
 When in my death thou all my wrongs might'st smother.  
 Now I conceive what I must suffer here,  
 And what I may endure, doth urge my fear.

A thousand shapes of death methinks I see,  
 The fear of death is worse then death can be.  
 Now lest some Wolfe should come, I am in fear,  
 Who with his greedy teeth my limbs should tear:  
 Perhaps this land doth yellow Lyons breed,  
 And cruel Tygers from this Isle proceed.  
 Perhaps great sea-calves on the shore abide,  
 Or else the sword may pierce my tender side.  
 Or like a Captive I may be enchain'd,  
 And unto servile labour be constrain'd;  
 Whose Father *Minos* was, and whose Mother  
 Was *Phæbus* daughter, which I need not smother.  
 And that which rather should remember'd be,  
 That I was once betrothed unto thee.  
 If I look to the shore, the land or sea,  
 The sea and land do seem to threaten me.  
 If to heaven, to the gods I dare not pray,  
 But I am left unto the wild beasts a prey.  
 The men that here inhabit I distrust,  
 Being deceiv'd by thee my fears are just.  
 I wish now that *Androgeus* did live,  
 Whose death occasion of thy rage did give.  
 I wish, O *Theseus*, thy Club had not slain  
 The monster, half a beast, and half a man.  
 Would I had not given thee a Clew of thred,  
 By which thy steps in coming back were led.  
 I wonder not thou got'st the victory,  
 Or that this *Cretian* beast was slain by thee.  
 Thou hadst an iron breast, which was so arm'd,  
 So that thou couldst not by his horns be harm'd.  
 Sure an obdurate Adamant was in't,  
 And *Theseus* was all o're as hard as flint.  
 O cruel sleep? why did I slumbering lye?  
 Would I had slept unto eternity.

O cruel winds! why did ye stand so fair,  
 As if ye did desire to breed my care?  
 O cruel hand of thine! which hath slain me,  
 And my poor brother by infidelity,  
 My sleep, the wind, and thou, did all conspire,  
 And to betray a maid did all desire.  
 Now at my death my mother shall not weep,  
 Nor close mine eyes up in eternal sleep.  
 My hapless ghost shall wander in the aire,  
 To embalm my body no friend shall care!  
 Sea-Vultures shall upon my carcass light,  
 For I shall have at all no funeral Rite.  
 But unto *Athens* when thou art come home,  
 Then thou sitting upon thy royal Throne,  
 Shalt tell how thou the *Minotaur* didst slay,  
 Out of the Labyrinth finding the right way;  
 And tell amongst thy acts, how thou hadst left  
 Me on this Island, of all help bereft.  
*Aegus*, nor yet *Athra* cannot be  
 Thy Parents, Rocks were Parents unto thee.  
 If from thy ships decks thou hadst spied me,  
 My sad looks unto pity had mov'd thee  
 Think now thou seest me standing on a Rock;  
 Whose chalky sides the beating waves do mock.  
 See how my hair is o're my shoulders spread,  
 My garments wet with tears, that I have shed,  
 And how my body trembling too and fro,  
 Like shaking corn, which the North wind doth blow;  
 Or like some miss-shap'd Letter I do stand,  
 That hath been written by a trembling hand.  
 To urge my merit I dare not presume,  
 "No thanks are due to service that is done.  
 Yet there's no reason thou shouldst punish me  
 With death, because from death I saved thee.

To thee my hands I heave up and do spread,  
 Which with beating my breast are wearied.  
 I entreat thee by my hair, which I do spread,  
 And by my tears for thy unkindness shed,  
 Turn back thy ship, O *Thyia*, for my sake;  
 Though I am dead, my carcass with thee take.

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The Argument of the eleventh Epistle.

**M**acareus and Canace, the son and daughter of Eolus, King of the winds, did love one another, and thinking to colour over their incestuous fault with natural affection, Canace brought forth a son, and sending it out of the Court to be nursed abroad, the unhappy infant cryed, and so discovered it self to his Grandfather, who incensed with his childrens wickedness, commanded the innocent infant to be cast forth unto Dogges: and by one of his guard sent a sword to

*Canace, as a silent remembrance of her desert, where with she killed her self. Yet before her death, she declares by this Epistle to Macareus, who was fled into the Temple of Apollo, her own misfortune, entreating him to gather up the child's bones, and lay them with hers in the same urne or funeral Pitcher.*

## CANACE to MACAREUS.

**I**F blotted Letters may be understood,  
 Receive this Letter blotted with my blood.  
 My right hand holds a pen, my left a sword,  
 My paper lies before me on the board.  
 Thus *Canace* doth to her brother write,  
 This posture yields my father much delight :  
 Who I do wish would a spectator be,  
 As he is Author of my Tragedy.  
 Who fiercer then winds blowing from the East,  
 With dry cheeks would behold my wounded breast,  
 For since to rule the winds he hath commission,  
 He's of his subjects cruel disposition.  
 Over the Northern, and South winds he raigns ;  
 The wings of th' East and West winds he constrains.  
 And yet although the winds he doth command,  
 His sudden anger he cannot withstand.  
 The Kingdom of the winds he can restrain,  
 " But over his own vices cannot raig'n.  
 For what although my Ancestors have been  
 Unto the gods, and *Jupiter* hath  
 Now in my fearful hand I hold a sword,  
 That fatal gift, which must my death afford.  
 © *Macareus*, would that I had dy'd  
 Before we were in close embraces, &c.  
 More then a sister ought I did affect thee,  
 More then a brother ought thou didst respect me.



For I did feel, how *Cupid* with his dart  
 (Of whom I oft had heard) did wound my heart.  
 My colour straightway did wax green and pale,  
 My stomach to my meat began to fail,  
 I could not sleep, the night did seem a year,  
 I often sigh'd, when no body did hear.  
 Yet why I sigh'd, I no cause could show,  
 I lov'd, and yet what love was did not know.  
 My old Nurse found out how my pulse did move,  
 And she first told me that I was in Love.  
 But when I blush'd with a down-cast look,  
 Which silent signs she for confession took.  
 But now the burthen of my swelling womb  
 Grew heavy, being to full ripeness come.  
 What herbs and medicines did not she, and I  
 Use, to enforce Abortive delivery,  
 Conceal'd from thee? Yet Art could not prevail,  
 The quickned child grew strong, our Art did fail.  
 And now nine Moons were fully gone and past,  
 The tenth in her bright Chariot made great hast.  
 I know not whence my sudden gripes did grow,  
 Nor what pains belong'd to childbirth, did know.  
 I cry'd out, but my Nurse my words did stay,  
 And stopt my mouth, as I there crying lay.  
 What shall I do? gripes force me to complain;  
 But my Nurse, and fear of crying, out restrain.  
 So that I did suppress my groans, and cries,  
 And drunk the tears that flow'd down from my eyes.  
 While thus *Lucina* did deny her aid,  
 Fearing my fault in death should be betray'd.  
 Thou by my side most lovingly didst lye,  
 Tearing thy hair to see my misery.  
 And with kind words thy sister thou didst cherish,  
 Praying that two might not at one time perish.

And

And thou didst put me still in hope of life,  
 Saying dear sister thou shalt be my wife.  
 These words revived me, when I was half dead,  
 So that I presently was brought to bed.  
 Thou didst rejoyce, but fear did me afright,  
 To hide it from my father *Eolus* sight.  
 The careful Nurse the new born child did hide  
 In Olive boughs, with swadling vine leaves ty'd :  
 And so a solemn sacrifice did sail :  
 The people and my father believ'd the same,  
 Being near the gate, the child that straight did cry,  
 To his grandfather was betray'd ther-by ;  
*Eolus* tearing forth the child, deserves  
 Their cunning and pretended sacrifice.  
 As the sea trembles when light winds do blow,  
 Or as an Aspen leaf shakes to and fro,  
 Even so my pale and trembling limbs did make  
 The bed whereon I lay begin to shake.  
 He comes to me, my father he doth proclaim,  
 And he could scarce from striking me contain.  
 I could do nothing else but blush, and weep,  
 My tongue ty'd up with fear did silent keep.  
 He commanded my son should be straightway  
 Cast forth, and made to beasts and birds a prey.  
 And then he cry'd, so that you would have thought,  
 His crying had his Grandfather brought  
 To pity him : what grief it was to me,  
 Dear brother, you may guess, when I did see,  
 When I saw my child carried to the wood,  
 To feed the mountain Wolves, that live by blood.  
 When thus my child unto the woods was sent,  
 My father out of my bed-chamber went.  
 Then I did bear my tender breast at last,  
 And tore my cheeks, this sentence being past.

When

When straightway one of my Fathers Guard came in,  
And with a sad look did this message bring ;  
*Aolus* sends this sword, and doth desire  
Thee use it, as thy merit doth require.

His will ( quoth I ) be done, I'll use his sword,  
My fathers gift shall my sad death afford.

O father, shall this sword the portion be,  
And dowry which you mean to give to me ?

O *Hymen* put out thy deceived light,  
And nimbly now betake thy self to flight :

Ye suries bring your smoky Torches all,  
To light the wood at my sad funeral.

O sister, may you far more happ'y marry  
Than I, that by my own fault did miscarry.

Yet what cou'd be my new-born babes offence,  
Which might his Grandfather so much incense ?

Of death, alas, he would not worthy be :

For my offence, he's punished for me.

O Son ! thou breed'st thy mother much annoy,  
No sooner bred, but beasts do thee destroy.

O Son, the pledge of my unhappy love,  
One day thy day of birth and death doth prove.

I had not time t'imbalm thee with my tears,

Nor in thy funeral fire to throw thy hairs ;

To give thee one cold kiss I had no power,

For the wild greedy beasts did thee devour.

But I sweet child, will straightway die with thee,

I will not long a childless Parent be.

And thou, O brother, since it is in vain

For me to hope to see thee once again ;

Gather the small remainder, which the wild

And salvage beasts have left of thy young child.

And with his mothers bones, let them have room,

Within one Urne, or in one narrow Tomb.

Weep at my funeral ; who can approve thee,  
 For shewing love to her that once did love thee ;  
 And here at last I do entreat thee still,  
 To perform thy unhappy sisters will ;  
 For I will kill my self without delay,  
 And so my fathers hard command obey.



**The Argument of the twelfth Epistle.**

Jason being a lusty comely young man: as soon as he arrived at Colchos, Medea the Daughter of Aëtes King of Colchos, and Hecate, aided and entertained him; and upon promise of marriage, instructed him how he should obtain the beauty he desired. Having gotten the golden Fleece, he fled away with Medea. Her father Aëtes pursuing for them, she tears in pieces her brother Absyrtus limbs, whom she had taken with her, thereby to stay her father while he gathered up his

his Sons bones. And so at length safely arriving in Thessaly, Jason renewed his Father Æson's age, by Medea's help, who also made Pelias Daughter's kill their Father. For pretending that she would make him young, as she had done Æson, she persuaded his Daughters, with a knife to let out all his old black blood, that she might infuse new fresh blood instead thereof. His Daughters having done so, Pelias straightway dyed; Jason hereupon, or for some other cause, repudiates Medea, and marries Creusa the daughter of Creon King of Corinth; Medea hereupon enraged writeth to Jason, expostulating with him of his ingratitude, and threatens speedy revenge unless he receive her again.

### MEDEA to JASON.

**A**T that time Queen of Corinth I did reign,  
When thou didst seek by my art help to gain.  
I wish my thred of life, which then was spun  
By the three sisters, had been cut and done;  
Then might Medea have dy'd innocent;  
My life since then hath been a punishment.  
Woe's me that ere the lusty youth of Greece  
Sail'd hither, for to fetch the golden Fleece.  
Would Calchas never had their Argos seen,  
Would the Grecians ne're on our shoar had been;  
Why was I with thy lovely brown hair took?  
Or with thy tempting tongue and comely look?  
Or at least when thy ship came to our shore,  
Distracting thy self, with gallants many more,  
I might have let thee run and found a death  
By those fiery Oxen with their flaming breath.  
I might have suffer'd thee to sow that seed,  
Whence armed men did spring up and proceed,  
That the sower might by his own tillage die,  
When each ear of corn did prove an enemy.

They



they had prevented then thy treachery,  
 and kept me both from grief and misery.  
 I upbraid thy ingratitude pleases me,  
 this alone I can triumph o'er thee.  
 when thy ship arrived at the shore  
 of *Colchos*, where it nere had been before;  
 then *Medea* was beloved there  
 of thee, as thy new wife's beloved here.  
 thy father was as rich as hers, he reign'd  
 in *Corinth*, which 'twixt two Seas is contain'd;  
 thy father possess'd all the Land which lay  
 between *Pontus* and snowy *Scythia*.  
 thy father did thy *Grietas* entertain,  
 fording lodging to thee and thy train;  
 I saw thee then, then did of thee enquire,  
 and then thy love did set my heart on fire;  
 I saw thee, and that sight to love did turn,  
 while my heart did like a great Taper burn.  
 thy beauty drew me to my destin'd fate,  
 and thy fair eyes my eyes did captivate;  
 which thou perceiv'dst, for who can love conceal?  
 whose glowing flame doth its own self reveal:  
 thy father then commanded thee to yoke  
 those Oxen that were to the plough ne'er broke;  
 they were *Mars* his Oxen, whose horns were  
 sharp, and their breath did like a flame appear.  
 they had brass hoofs, and nostrils arm'd with brass,  
 backt with the breath that through them did pass;  
 and thou wert bid to sow in the large field  
 that seed which did an armed people yield.  
 which sprung up, would assail thee straight again;  
 thou for thy harvest such a crop shouldst gain;  
 and thy last labour was to charm a sleep  
 the Dragon, that the golden fleece did keep.

When

When *Estes* said thus, you all straight rose,  
 And every one much discontentment shewes.  
 So that you did your purple seats forsake,  
 And then the Table they away did take.  
 Great *Creone* daughter thou didst now contemn,  
 And *Creusae* dowry could not help thee then.  
 Sadly thou didst depart, and discontent,  
 Yet my weeping eyes on thee still were bent,  
 And as thou wentst away this one word fell,  
 In a soft murmur from thy tongue; Farewell.  
 And when I went to bed, I never slept,  
 Wounded with Love, all night I griev'd and wept.  
 The fierce Bulls were alwaies before my eyes,  
 And the Armed men which from the earth did rise;  
 And then the watchful Dragon did affright  
 My senses, and was still before my sight.  
 Thus Love, and fear, my breast at once did trouble,  
 My love of thee did make my fear to double.  
 At last it chanced that early in the morning,  
 My loving sister came and found me mourning.  
 And lying on my face, with all my hair  
 Loose spread, the pillow wet with many a tear,  
 She and two sisters more did me invade,  
 With fair entreaties, so to help and aid  
 Jason, and his *Thessalians*, who did want  
 My assistance, in love their suit did grant.  
 'T were is a wood so dark with thick-leav'd trees,  
 That the bright Sun but seldom through it sees.  
 There doth a Chappel of *Diana's* stand,  
 Whose golden statue there was rudely fram'd.  
 I know not whether this place is by thee  
 Forgotten, as thou hast forgotten me.  
 We being thither come, thou then didst break  
 Thy mind to me, and thus beganst to speak.

My life and fortunes are at thy command,  
 My life and death are both within thy hands.  
 You may let me perish if so be you will;  
 But 'tis more Noble to preserve than kill.  
 Then by my present sorrows I entreat,  
 Which you can ease, if you the word would speak.  
 By thy kindred, and uncle *Phobus*, who  
 Sees all things that on earth we mortals do,  
 By *Diana's* triple-face, and sacred rites,  
 And gods wherein this Nation delights.  
 O Virgin have some pity at this time!  
 On me, and make me so for ever thine.  
 And though I cannot hope the gods should be  
 So kind and favourable unto me;  
 Yet if you would be pleas'd now to take  
 A *Thessalian*, and him a husband make.  
 Then I do promise, I will faithful be,  
 And vow, that I will marry none but thee.  
 Let *Juno* be a witness to my vow,  
 And *Diana* in whose Temple we are now.  
 Thou took'st me by the hand, whose words of thine  
 A maidens fancy did straightway incline.  
 For such thy language was, as soon did move  
 My honest heart to entertain thy love.  
 By thy deceitful tears I was betray'd,  
 For they had power to betray a Maid.  
 So that the Bulls, whose breath like flames did smoke,  
 Taught thee how to tame, and how to yoke.  
 And thou did'st sow the Dragons teeth for seed,  
 Whence armed men did spring up and proceed.  
 That did give thee those securing charms,  
 Grew pale to see those new-sprung men in arms.  
 When straight those earth-bred brethren there in fight,  
 Did slay each other in a bloody fight.

The watchful Dragon now the earth did sweep,  
 While he upon his scaly breast did creep.  
 Where was the Dowry of thy royal wife ?  
 Or King of Corinth ? could they save thy life ?  
 No it was I, that now am thus rejected,  
 And as a poor Enchantress disrespected,  
 I charm'd the Dragon flaming eyes asleep,  
 That thou mightst get the Fleece which he did keep.  
 My father I betray'd and I forsook,  
 My Countrey, and with thee a voyage took.  
 Though my life a sad banishment should be,  
 I was content to wander still with thee  
 Thou of my Maiden-head didst me deceive.  
 Who my Mother and my Sister both did leave.  
 Yet I left not my Brother ; at that name,  
 Me thinks my pen stands still for very shame ;  
 I fear to write that, which I did not fear  
 To do, 'twas I that did in pieces tear,  
 Thy scattered limbs, and when I had done so,  
 Guilty of thy blood, unto Sea did go.  
 And would the gods had drown'd us in the sea,  
 Thou for deceit, I for credulity.  
 I would our ship, as it along had past,  
 Our joyned bodies on some rock had dash'd.  
 Or breaking *Scylla* had devoured us then,  
*Scylla* should punish such ungrateful men.  
 I with *Charybdis* had then pleased been,  
 With his round whirling waves to suck us in.  
 But thou in safety art to *Thessaly* come,  
 Offering the golden Fleece which thou hast won,  
 Unto the gods. What should I mention  
*Pelias* Daughters, whose intencion  
 I wrong'd and made their virgin hands to kill  
 Their aged father and his blood to spill ?

Though

Though others blame me, thou must praise me needs;  
 Since from my love of thee my guilt proceeds.  
 Yet thou hast cast me off now ne're the less;  
 O I want words, that may my grief express!  
 When thou didst bid me go, I did obey  
 Thy cruel doom, and forthwith went away  
 With my two children, forth along went I,  
 And love, which alwaies bears me company.  
 But when I did of thy late marriage hear,  
 Where *Hymens* Torches burned bright and clear;  
 And that new musick, with new marriage songs  
 Proclaim'd your wedding, and thy unkind wrongs;  
 I fear'd, and yet could not the news believe,  
 Yet a sad coldness to my breast did cleave.  
 But when I heard them unto *Hymen* cry,  
 The more they cry'd, more was my misery.  
 My servants wept, and yet they hid their tears,  
 To bring this sad news to me each one fears.  
 And I do wish I had not known it still,  
 But yet my mind did prophesie some ill.  
 When my young son, desirous for to see  
 Some Novelty, as children use to be,  
 Standing at the door, did begin to cry,  
 Come Mother, see my Father passing by:  
 My Father *Jason*, who in pomp doth ride  
 In's Charriot, with his new married Bride;  
 Then I did beat my breast, my cloathes I rent,  
 To tear my cheeks; my fingers then were bent.  
 My mind did urge me to revenge my wrong,  
 And thrust my self among the Bridall throng.  
 And having snatcht thy earland from thy head,  
 My arms about thy middle to have spread;  
 And took possession of that at that time,  
 And to the people cry'd aloud, He's mine.

28  
Father rejoyce, *Colchians* now be glad,  
My brothers ghost hath these infernals had,  
For now I am forsaken, left, and crost,  
My Country, House, and Kingdom I have lost:  
Nay, I have lost my Husband too, and he  
Was a Kingdom of contentment unto me.  
I that both Dragons, and wild Bulls could tame,  
Yet by one man unconquered again.  
I that could quench hot fire with learned charms,  
Can't quench the fire of love which my breast warms:  
My charms, and Art, and Potions do deceive me,  
And *Hecates* witchcraft cannot now relieve me.  
Me thinks that I do have the dyes for light,  
And sorrow makes me lye awake all night,  
And seldom is my miserable breast  
With any quiet gentle sleep refresh't.  
I made the Dragon fast asleep to fall,  
But Art hath on my self no power at all.  
A whore imbraces him, whom I preserv'd,  
She reaps the fruit of that, which I deserv'd.  
And perhaps, whil'st thou strive'st to please the ear  
Of thy Bride, who thy boasting tales doth hear  
With admiration, thou dost then disgrace,  
Either my behaviour, or homely face.  
While out of foolish pride she laughs at me,  
And doth rejoyce at my deformity.  
Let her laugh and lie down upon her quile,  
She shall weep, when she hath my anger feild.  
*Medea* will by sword, or poison be  
Revenged on her hated enemy.  
But if unto my prayers thou would'st attend,  
Unto entreaties I would now descend.  
I will a suppliant become to thee  
Even at thy feet as thou hast been to me.



thou wilt not pity me, for my own sake,  
yet on my children some compassion take,  
their step-mother will most unkindly use them;  
ay, and perhaps most cruelly abuse them.  
For they too much, alas, resemble thee,  
in them thy living picture I can see;  
and since they are of thee a living Type,  
when I behold them, I am weeping ripe.  
I treat thee by the gods and the Sun,  
Uncle, and by that which I have done  
for thy sake, and by my two Children dear,  
which the pledges of our true affection were;  
I turn to my bed, who left all for thee,  
constant as thou didst promise to me.  
Against fierce Bulls thy aid I do not seek,  
nor to charm the watchful Dragon fast asleep.  
I desire, whom I deserved have,  
Children had by thee, thee I do crave.  
Thou desir'st a Dowry, I did yield  
Dowry which was told out in the field,  
which I did make thee plough, while thou didst stay  
to bear the Golden Fleece away.  
My Dowry was the Golden Ram, which had  
the Golden Fleece, and was so richly clad.  
This was my Dowry, and should I ask thee  
to restore it back, thou wouldst deny it me.  
My Dowry was the preserving thy self,  
in Creon's Daughter bring thee so much wealth;  
but thou dost live and hast another Bride,  
was my gift, else thou hadst surely dy'd:  
and it was I, that gave thee life to be  
so thankless, and ungrateful unto me.  
Will revenge—yet what doth it pertain  
to revenge, if I my wrath proclaim?

And tell what punishments on you shall light ?

"The closest anger doth most deadly strike.

I'll follow as my rage doth lead me on.

Though I repent the act when it is done.

For I repent that I should e're preserve

A man, that doth so ill of me deserve.

The winged God hath seen from the blew sky

My wrongs, my sorrows, and my injury

And with a rage he hath inspir'd my heart

To plot, and act e're long some Tragick part.



The Argument of the thirteenth Epistle.

Protefilaus the Son of Iphyclus sailing, as Homer reports with forty ships to Troy, was shut up with the rest of the Grecians, in a Haven of Boeotia, which when his wife Laodamia, the daughter of Acastus and Laodamea understood, she dearly loving her husband, and being troubled much with dreams, writ this Epistle to him: and admonished him to remember the Oracle, and abstain

from the ways. For the Oracle had given this answer to the Grecians, that he should perish, that first went a shore, and set foot upon the Trojan ground: But courageous Proteusilaus was the first that landed and was slain by Hect r.

## LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

**L** Aodamia doth to thee send health,  
 Wishing that she might come to thee her self.  
 I hear that thou in *Ayulus* art wind-bound,  
 Would I had of the winds such favour found,  
 To resist thy going hence, and hinder it,  
 Then for the Sea to grow rough it was fit.  
 Then I had kiss'd thee oftner, and at large  
 I ad spoken more and given thee thy charge.  
 But when the wind stood fair, thou couldst not stay,  
 For it did drive thy swelling sail's away.  
 Thy Mariners had what they did require,  
 It was not I, that did this wind desire.  
 The wind that for the Mariners stood fair,  
 Stood cross for thee, and I, that lovers were;  
 And me from *Protesilaus* did divide  
 While we were both in sweet embraces ty'd.  
 My broken words short of my meaning fell.  
 I scarce had time to speak this word, farewell.  
 For the North wind thy hollow sailes did stretch,  
 And from me did *Protesilaus* fetch.  
 I lookt as long as I thy ship could see,  
 And I did send a long look after thee.  
 When thou wert out of sight, yet I could see,  
 Thy ship, and to behold it pleas'd me.  
 But when both thee, and thy swift sailing ship,  
 Out of my sight did both together slip,  
 A sudden darkness in my eyes I found,  
 And presently I fell down in a wound.

that my mother and old *Acastus* too,  
Although much diligence they both did show,  
Could fetch me back to life, although at last,  
Cold water they into my face did cast.  
Their needless love was thus express'd, but I  
Am sorry that they did not let me dye:  
For when my senses did return again,  
My love returned too with a new flame;  
And chaste affection could not spare my breast;  
Those who do love, must never hope to rest.  
Now I took no delight to dress my hair,  
Nor to wear rich apparel took I care.  
And as those women *Bacchus* hath inspir'd  
With a touch of his Viny staffe, and fir'd  
Their bosomes, that they run now here, now there;  
Such did I in my furious rage appear,  
The talking wives of *Phylace* did come  
To comfort me, and thus their speech begun.  
*Andania* courage take, put on  
Such royal robes as may your birth become.  
Alas! shall I in purple robes delight,  
While that my Husband at *Troy's* wall doth fight;  
Shall I my hair in curious manner dress,  
While a weighty Helmet doth his hair press?  
Shall I in new apparel gay appear,  
While my Lord doth a Coat of Armour wear?  
While thou art at the wars, like one forlorne  
In careless habit I at home will mourn:  
O *Paris*, thou that wast born to destroy  
With thy fresh beauty the old City *Troy*.  
Is thou wert a wanton guest, mayst thou be  
A coward, and a milk sop enemy.  
Would *Helena* had not unto thee seem'd  
So fair, nor she thy beauty so esteem'd,

O *Menelaus*, thou with earnest strife  
 Dost labour to regain again thy wife.  
 Woe's me, I fear thy sad revenge will make  
 Many eyes weep, and many hearts to ake.  
 The gods from all ill fortune us defend,  
 That my returning Husband may commend  
 His arms to *Jupiter*: but when I muse  
 Or think upon the wars, I cannot chuse  
 But weep, and down my cheeks the tears do run,  
 Like snow when it is melted by the Sun.  
 When of *Ilium* or *Tenedos* I hear,  
 Those names do put me in a sudden fear.  
 When of *Simois* and *Xanthus* I have heard.  
 Or *Ida*, these strange names make me afraid.  
 Nor had *Paris* stole *Helen*, if at length  
 He meant to resigne her, he knew his strength,  
 For she did come in royal robes of Gold,  
 Adorn'd with Jewels, glorious to behold.  
 And with a warlike fleet to *Troy* she came,  
 The *Trojans* shew'd their great strength by her train.  
 And as *Helen* was fetch'd by this fleet,  
 So I fear it should with the *Grecians* meet.  
 There is one *Hector* of whom I do hear,  
 A valiant man, and him I greatly fear.  
 For *Paris* said that *Hector* should affright  
 The *Grecians*, and begin the bloody fight.  
 If I be she whom thou dost love most dear,  
 Take heed of *Hector*, him I only fear,  
 His name doth fill my thoughts with much unrest,  
 And is engrav'd upon my troubled breast.  
 And as thou shunest him, so also shun  
 Others, for many *Hectors* thither come.  
 And as oft as thou dost prepare to fight,  
 Say so thy self these words which I do write:

*Laodamia*



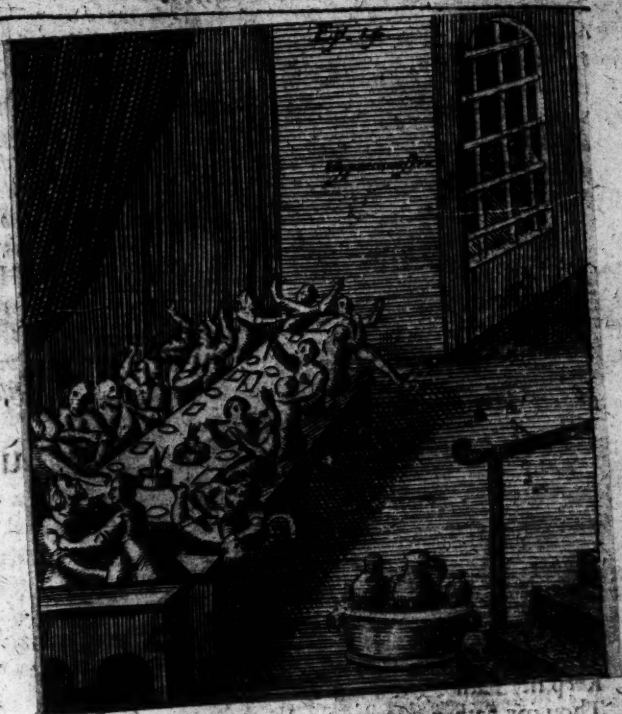
Andamia charg'd me care to take,  
 And keep my self from danger for her sake.  
 If the *Grecians* rase *Troy* unto the ground,  
 May'st thou come from the siege with ne're a wound.  
 Let *Menelaus* with the *Trojans* fight,  
 And take from *Paris* *Helena*, his right.  
 And when he chargeth on the enemy,  
 Let his good cause give him the victory  
 It behov'd *Menelaus* with stout blows  
 To fetch his wife from the insulting foes;  
 But thy case unto his is far unlike,  
 And therefore I do wish thee so to fight,  
 That when the wars are done thou mayst return,  
 And in thy loving bosome lie full warm.  
 You *Trojans* I intreat you th spare one  
 Of all those enemies against you come;  
 For every drop of blood that doth proceed  
 From his veins, from my veins do h also bleed.  
*Protesilaus* no strong blows can strike  
 With his drawn sword, nor stand the push of Pike,  
 Let *Menelaus* fight, whom rage doth move,  
 Let others fight, let *Protesilaus* love.  
 For I must needs confess I had a mind  
 To have call'd him back, but no strength could find,  
 For my tongue stop'd, before the words were spoken,  
 And my speech broke off, which was but a bad token.  
 And at the threshold of my fathers gate  
 Thy foot did stumble, and did trip thereat,  
 Which hath been always counted for a sign,  
 Whereby we may of some ill luck divine.  
 Which when I did behold I was afraid,  
 And thus unto my self in secret said:  
 I hope the stumbling of his foot shall be,  
 A sign, my Husband shall return to me.

These

These things unto thee I do now relate,  
 That I thy courage may thereby abate.  
 And I do wish, that I at last may find,  
 The fears are vain, which now molest my mind.  
 Besides the *Oracles* say, he who shall  
 Land first upon the *Trojan* ground, shall fall  
 First by the sword; unhappy sure is she  
 That by the wars shall the first widow be:  
 Heaven defend thee, that thou may'st not shew  
 Thy valour, lest thy valour I do rue.  
 Let thy ship be the last to shore doth stand,  
 Let thy ship be the last doth come to Land.  
 Of all that goes on shore be thou the last,  
 Unto thy Fathers Land thou dost not hast.  
 But when thou comest back, then do not fail  
 To use thy Oars, and clap on all thy sail.  
 Then make thou hast to come out of thy ship,  
 And on the welcom shore most nimbly skip.  
 When *Phæbus* lyeth hid or shines most bright,  
 I think upon thee both by day and night.  
 Yet more on thee by night than day, for night  
 Is the sweet time, that yieldeth Maids delight.  
 For then they lye within their Sweet-hearts arm,  
 Who with their close embraces keep them warm;  
 While in my widdows bed I lie at leasure,  
 Wanting true joy, I think on former pleasure.  
 And then a dream doth yield me some delight,  
 Sometimes again my dreams do me affright.  
 Me-thinks I see thee with a visage pale,  
 Telling to me a sad and mournful tale.  
 Then waking out of my black dreams I rise,  
 And for thy safety offer sacrifice  
 With Frankincense, which I with tears bedew,  
 So that in burning, it doth brighter shew.

As when we pour oyle on a dying flame,  
 It doth begin to rise, and blaze again.  
 O when will that most happy season come;  
 That I shall embrace thee as coming home,  
 With such a sweet excess of joy, till I  
 Languish with pleasure, and embracing dye.  
 When wilt thou tell me, when we are a bed,  
 How many thou in war hast conquered?  
 And in the mid'st of thy sweet story leave,  
 To kiss me, and a kiss from me receive;  
 While that a kiss is the full point to stay  
 Thy speech, refreshed by this sweet delay.  
 But when I think of Troy, the seas and wind,  
 Then fear doth drive all hope out of my mind.  
 And I do fear, because thy ships are stay'd  
 By winds, as if to stay thee they assay'd.  
 Who will sail with cross wind to his own Land?  
 Thou from thy Country sail'st, when winds withstand.  
 Neptune will not permit you far to come  
 Unto his City, and therefore come home.  
 Spare going (*Grecians*) the winds do forbid,  
 And some divine power in the wind is hid,  
 By these wars you seek only to regain  
 An adulteress, O turn your ships again.  
 But why should I recall thee back thus now  
 Let calm winds smoothe again the Seas rough brow:  
 I envy now the *Trojan* Dames, who shall  
 With grief behold their husbands funeral.  
 On her husbands head the new married Bride  
 Shall put a Helmet, and when she hath ty'd  
 His armour close unto him, and doth make  
 Him ready, she a kiss from him shall take.  
 Such dutiful imployment is a bliss,  
 Her service is rewarded with a kiss.

And being arm'd compleatly, then at large  
 She may give to him a most loving charge:  
 Charging him as he tendreth her love,  
 To return, and offer his arms to Jove.  
 And he obeying her command will be  
 Carefull to fight abroad more warily.  
 And when he cometh home, she will unlace  
 His helmet, and him in her arms imbrace.  
 To me in absence, fear doth sorrow bring,  
 And I conceive the worst of every thing.  
 Yet while that thou unto the wars art gone,  
 I have a Picture made in wax at home.  
 And fondly unto it I often talk,  
 And do imbrace it, as by it I walk.  
 Thy shape in it so lively doth appear,  
 Could it speak, it *Protesilaus* were.  
 On it I look, and often it behold,  
 And for thy sake do in my arms enfold;  
 And to thy Picture often I complain,  
 And if thy Picture could reply again.  
 By thee in whom my Soul alone delights,  
 By our true love, and equal marriage rites;  
 And by thy life which I do wish you may  
 Bring back, although thy hair be turned gray.  
 I vow if thou pleasest to send to me,  
 I will obey, and straightway come to thee,  
 I or whether thou dost chance to live or die,  
 In life or death I'll bear thee company.  
 Of my Letter this shall the conclusion be,  
 Take care of thy self if thou car'st for me.



The Argument of the fourteenth Epistle.

Danaus the Son of Belus, had by several wives fifty Daughters, unto whom his brother, Egyptus desired to marry his fifty Sons, but Danaus having been informed by the Oracle, that he should dye by the hands of a Son-in-Law, to avoid that danger he fled his ship, and sails to Argos, Egyptus being angry because he was despised, his offer, sent his Sons with an Army to besiege him, obliging them not to return, until they had slain Danaus, or married

ried his Daughters. He enforced by siege yieldeth up his Daughters, wherewith the Sword which their Father had given them, according to his command, at night when the young men warm'd with wine and jollity were fallen fast asleep, every one killed her husband, except Hypermnestra only, who out of Compassion preserved her husband Linus, whom Eusebius call'd Linceus, advising him to return to his father Ægyptus and discovered a conspiracy. But her Father Danaus perceiving that all his Daughters had executed his will with bloody obedience, excepting Hypermnestra, he commanded her to be kept in Prison. Whereupon in this Epistle she intreats her uncle and Husband Linus, whom she preserved, either to help her, and free her from her Captivity, or she dye to see her honourably buried. But at last Linus killed Danaus: and set her at liberty.

## HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS.

**H**ypermnestra sends to thee who doest remain  
Of many brothers by their own Wives slain,  
I for thy sake am in close prison pent,  
And for saving thee do endure punishment.  
I am guilty because I did spare thy blood.  
“A prosperous wickedness is counted good,  
Yet I repent not, since that I had rather  
Keep my Father from blood, than please my Father.  
Thou my Father in that sacred fire may,  
Burn me, which we toucht on our wedding day,  
Or with those Torches he may burn my face,  
Which on our wedding-day did brightly blaze.  
Or although he do kill me with that sword,  
Because to kill thee I could not afford.  
He shall not make me say, that I repent  
Of a good work, it is not my intent  
I am griev'd for my sisters cruel fate,  
“For sad repentance follows a bad act.



The sad remembrance of that bloody night,  
 Takes my heart and hand tremble while I write,  
 My husband could not by my hand have dy'd  
 Which shakes, while I this murder would describe,  
 Yet I will try, it was about twilight,  
 Which endeth day, and doth begin the night,  
 When as we fifty sisters were brought all,  
 With royal state into the Castle hall,  
 Whereas *Egyptus*, without dread or fear,  
 Received us for Daughters who arriv'd were,  
 The flaming Tapers shin'd like stars in Heaven,  
 And sweet incense unto the fire was given,  
 The common people did on *Hymn* cry,  
 But from this fatal marriage he did fly,  
 And *Juno* did from her own City run,  
 Her *Argos* that she might this wedding shun,  
 And now the young mens drunk'n heads were bound  
 About with flowers, and with Garlands crown'd,  
 The Bridemen with great joy, dreading no danger,  
 Did bring them to their fatal Bridal chamber,  
 And laid their heavy bodies on the bed,  
 On which they were like funeral hearsees head.  
 They being now with wine and sleep oppress'd,  
 And all the City quiet and at rest,  
 We thought the groans of dying men I heard,  
 And so it was whereat I grew afraid:  
 So that my warm bloud and my colour fled,  
 And left my body cold upon the bed,  
 As soft and gentle western wines do make  
 The Corn to move and *Aspine* leaves to shake;  
 So I trembled, while thou laidst at that time  
 Entranc'd with drinking sleep-procuring wine.  
 Thinking to obey my fathers sad command  
 I rose up, and took the sword in my hand,

The truth I speak, three times I rais'd the sword  
 To strike, and yet to strike my hand abhor'd  
 My fathers command did my courage whet;  
 So that his sword unto thy throat I set,  
 But fear and love would not let me proceed,  
 My chaste hand would not act that tragick deed:  
 Then off my hair I tore the flaxen wealth,  
 And softly thus did reason with thy self:  
*Hypermuſtra*, thou haſt a cruel father,  
 Therefore obey his commands the rather,  
 Take courage, and obey thy fathers will,  
 And boldly with the reſt thy Husband kill.  
 Yet ſince I am a young maid, my hands be  
 Unſuit to act a bloody Tragedy.

Yet imitate thy ſiſters now again:  
 Who have by this time all their husbands ſlain:  
 Yet if this hand a murder could commit,  
 To ſtain it with my own blood it were fit.  
 Do they deſerve death, becauſe they poſſeſſe  
 Our father's kingdom, which yet ne'r theſeſſe,  
 Some ſtrangers might from him away have carried,  
 As dowries given them when we were married.  
 Though they deſerve death, what ſhall we do leſſe,  
 If we commit this deed of wickedneſſe?  
 Maids do not love a ſword, or killing ſool,  
 My fingers ſitter are to ſpin ſoft wooll,  
 Having thus complain'd, my tears began to riſe  
 And dropped on thy body from my eyes.  
 And while thy arms about me thou didſt out,  
 Thy hand though with the ſword haſt almoſt put,  
 And leſt my father ſhould ſurprize and take thee,  
 With theſe words I did ſuddenly awake thee.  
 Riſe *Loius* who doſt now alone ſurvive,  
 Of all thy brethren none are left alive.

Make haste and say to be take thy selfe to flight,  
 Make haste, or else thou wilt be slain to night,  
 Awak'd from sleep, thou didst amazed stand,  
 To see the glittering sword shine in my hand,  
 And I did wish thee for to fly away  
 By night and save thy selfe, while I did stay,  
 In the morning when *Darius* came to view  
 His sons, which his most bloody daughters slew,  
 He saw them laid in deaths eternal number,  
 Yet one was wanting to make up the number;  
 And angry, that so little blood was spill'd,  
 Because I my Husband had not kill'd;  
 My father without any love or care,  
 Drag'd me along even by my flaxen hair,  
 And straight way did command I should be cast  
 Into prison, this was my reward at last,  
 For *Juno* still on us doth bend her brow;  
 Since I was transform'd into a Cow;  
 Yet punishment enough by her was born,  
 When *Juno* did her to a Cow transform;  
 When she that was so fair could not in height  
 Of pleasure yield great *Jupiter* delight,  
 On the bank of the River *Inachus* now  
 She stood, cloth'd in the shape of a white Cow;  
 While in her fathers stream both clear and cold,  
 The shadow of her horns she did behold;  
 And low'd aloud, when she to speak assay'd,  
 Her shape and voice did make her both afraid,  
 Why dost thou fly from thy own selfe alas,  
 Or admite thy shape in that watery glasse?  
 Thus she that was great *Jupiter*'s chief Lasse,  
 Is enforc'd to feed on dry leaves and grasse,  
 Thou drink'st spring-water, and art in amaze  
 When on thy shadow thou dost look and gaze.

And of those spreading horns which thou dost bear  
 Upon thy head, thou seem'st to stand in fear  
 And the whose beavry *Jupiter* did wound,  
 Now lyeth every night on the bare ground,  
 O're hills and rivers thou abroad dost stray,  
 O're seas and countries thou dost find thy way.  
 And yet O *Jove* thou canst not escape,  
 Or changing places, change thy outward shape.  
 What halt? thy self thou follow'st and dost lie,  
 Thy selfe doth always bear thee company  
 Where *Nileus* seven streams to the sea do run,  
 There she unto her former shape did come  
 But why should I such ancient tales relate,  
 I have cause to complain of my own fate.  
 My Father and my Uncle do wage war,  
 And we out of our kingdom banisht are;  
 And he our royal Scepter now doth sway,  
 While miserable we like pilgrims stray  
 Of fifty brethren thou alone art left,  
 For their deaths, and my sisters I have wept.  
 My sisters and my brothers both slain were,  
 For whose sakes, I can't chuse but shed a tear.  
 And because thou in safety dost survive  
 To be tormented I am kept alive.  
 What punishment shall they expect that be  
 Guilty; when they for goodness condemn me  
 And I must die, because I would not spill  
 My brothers blood, and cruelly him kill.  
 If therefore thou respectest me thy wife,  
 Or lovest me, because I sav'd thy life;  
 Help me, or if I die, I thee desire,  
 To lay my body on the funeral fire.  
 Embalm my bones with thy moist tears, and then  
 See that thou carefully do bury them.

And let this Epitaph be engraved on  
 My Sepulcher, or on my Marble-stone :  
*Hyperborea* here underneath doth lye,  
 That was ill rewarded for her piety ;  
 For she most like unto a faithfull wife,  
 Did lose her own to save her husbands life.  
 My trembling hand is tired with the weight  
 Of Chaines, or else I would more largely write.

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H 3

The



The Argument of the fifteenth Epistle.

**P**aris, otherwise called Alexander, saying to Lacedæmon to sit  
 Helena, which Venus had promised him, was honourably received  
 by Menelaus, but Menelaus and Menos kindred going to Greece,  
 to divide Atreus his wealth, left Paris at home, charging his wife  
 to use him with as much respect as himself. But Paris improving the op-  
 portunity, began to woo and court Helena to gain her love.  
 In this Epistle he artificially discovers his affection, and with amorous  
 boasts



ing indeavours to insinuate into her affection. And because he  
that women love to bear their birth and beauty praised, Paris  
endeavours by flattery to gain her favour, urging her praises, and stir-  
ring to disgrace her husband. And at last perswades her to go with  
him to Troy where he would keep her by force.

## PARIS to HELENA.

O Aris sweet Helena, wisheth health to thee,  
That health, which you can only give to me.  
Shall I speak, or need not I my flame reveale?  
You know I love you, nor can I conceal  
My love which I could with might hidden be;  
All time did give the opportunity  
Without all fear most freely to discover,  
My selfe to be your faithful constant Lover.  
Yet who can the fire of love conceal  
Which by its own light doth it self reveal  
If thou look'st that I my grief should name,  
Then know I love thee, these lines shew my flame.  
And I intreat you to have pity on me,  
Because my present sufferings proceed from thee.  
With a frowning countenance read not the rest,  
But such as may become thy beauty best.  
Thy receipt of thy Letters joyeth me,  
And cherish hope that I at last shall be  
Receiv'd into thy favour which I wish,  
That Venus may her promise keep in this.  
My Loves fair Mother first perswaded me,  
To take this journey, in hope to gain thee;  
And lest thou shouldst through ignorance offend,  
My divine appointment I came to this end.  
She perswaded me to undertake  
This journey, which she would propitious make.

For since that *Venus* promis'd me, that you  
 Should be my wife, I challenge it as due.  
 For her persuasions made me to take ship  
 From *Troy*, and unto *Lacedæmon* ship.  
 And she did make the wind most fair to stand,  
 She that's sprung from the sea might it command.  
 And as she smooch'd the sea, and calm'd the winds,  
 So may she make thy breast most soft and kind.  
 I did not find love here, I brought the flame  
 With me, and to obtain thy love I came.  
 By wandring storms I was not hither drove,  
 My ship was guided hither by true love.  
 Nor came I hither like a merchant man,  
 I have wealth enough, the gods it maintain,  
 Nor yet the *Grecian* Cities here to view,  
 For richer in my kingdom I can shew.  
 'Tis thee I ask, 'Tis thee I only crave,  
 Whom *Venus* promis'd me that I should have.  
 I askt thee of her when I did not know thee,  
 She promis'd that she would on me bestow thee.  
 For of thy beauty I had heard by fame,  
 Before mine eye had e're beheld the same.  
 Yet 'tis no wonder, if that *Cupid's* Bow,  
 With feathered arrows makes me cry *Amor*.  
 Since by unchanged fates it's so ordain'd,  
 Then do not thou their hidden will withstand.  
 And that you may believe it is my fate,  
 Receive the truth, which I will here relate.  
 When that my mother was with child,  
 And daily did expect delivery,  
 She dream'd, for in her dream it so did seem,  
 That of a fire-brand she had deliver'd been.  
 She rises, and to *Priam* doth unfold  
 Her dream, which he unto his Prophet told.

Who

Who straight foretold that *Paris* should destroy,  
 And like a kindled brand set fire on *Troy*.  
 But I do think they rather might divine,  
 That brand did signifie this love of mine.  
 And though I like a Shepherds son was bred,  
 My shape, and spirit soon discovered  
 That I had not been born the son of earth,  
 But that I claim'd Nobility by birth,  
 In the *Troy* valleys there's a place,  
 Which many trees with a cold shade do grace,  
 Wherein no Sheep do feed nor any Ox,  
 Nor Goats, that love to climb upon high Rocks:  
 Here looking towards *Troy*, and to the Sea,  
 I stood and lean'd my self against a tree.  
 The truth I tell, me thought the earth then shook,  
 As if oppress'd with some heavy foot,  
 And presently swift *Mercury* from the skies,  
 Descended down and stood before mine eyes,  
 And therefore what I saw I may unfold,  
 The God had in his hand a rod of Gold.  
 And three goddesses, *Venus*, *Juno*, *Pallas*,  
 Did set their tender feet upon the grasse.  
 Then cold amazement stiffen'd my long hair,  
 But winged *Mercurie* bid me not to fear.  
 Thou art, says he, chosen to judge and end  
 The matter, 'twixt these goddesses, who contend  
 About their beauty, say they, which shall be  
 Accounted the most beautiful of three.  
 This message I from *Jupiter* do bring,  
 Which having said, he from the earth did spring,  
 And through the air did a quick passage make,  
 And by his words I did more courage take.  
 So that my mind more fortified grew,  
 And dreadlesse I each one of them did view.

Who

Who unto me so beautiful did appear,  
 I could not judge which of them fairest were,  
 Yet one of them my fancy did approve,  
 Her beauty shew'd she was the Queen of Love,  
 But they contending which should fairest be,  
 Did all with most rich gifts sollicite me,  
*Juno* did fairly promise I should be,  
 A mighty Monarch, *Pallas* promis'd me  
 Learning, so that a doubt did now arise,  
 Whether I would chuse to be great or wise.  
 But *Venus* smiling then, *Paris*, says she,  
 Those gifts of theirs but glorious troubles be  
 I'll give thee *Helen*, thou shalt hereafter  
 In thy arms embrace *Leda's* fair daughter.  
 Thus both her gift, and beauty conquer'd me,  
 So that to her I gave the victory.  
 And afterward my fate so kind was grown,  
 That now to be the Kings son I was known,  
 At my instalment all the Courts did joy,  
 Kept in a yearly festival in *Troy*.  
 And as I lov'd, I was belov'd of many,  
 But for thy sake I would not march with any.  
 Kings and Dukes daughters did of me approve,  
 And fairest Nymphs with me did fall in love,  
 Yet all of them were but despi'd of me,  
 After I had this hope of marrying thee.  
 Day and night in my mind, I thee did keep,  
 And thinking on thee I should fall asleep.  
 How comely would thy presence sure have been  
 Whose beauty wounded me al though unseen.  
 I was enflamed with a strange desire  
 Burning when I was absent from the fire.  
 My hopes I could no longer now contain,  
 But to sea put forth, my wishes obtain.

And now the lofty Phrygian Pipes I fell'd,  
 And trees for building ships most fitting held.  
 The woods of *Gargarus*, and *Ian* did yield,  
 Great store of trees, wherewith I ships did build.  
 I built their decks, and lined the ships side  
 With planks of Oak, which might a storm abide.  
 And did rig, and tackle them beside,  
 With ropes, and sayles which to the yards were ty'd;  
 And I did set on the stern of the ship,  
 The Image of those Gods which did it keep.  
 And on my own ship I did make them paint  
*Venus* and *Cupid* that it might not want  
 Her safe protection, who had promis'd me,  
 By her assistance I should marry thee.  
 Soon as my fleet was builded thus and fram'd  
 To sea I presently resolv'd to stand;  
 My Father and Mother, when I did acquire  
 Their leave to go, would not grant my desire.  
 Or licence me, and therefore to have staid  
 My intended journey, both of them afraid.  
 My Sister *Cassandra* with loos'd hair,  
 When as my Ships even weighing anchor were,  
 Said, whither goest thou; thou shalt bring again  
 By crossing the sea, a destroying flame;  
 The truth she said; for I have found a fire,  
 Love hath inflam'd my soft breast with desire.  
 A fair wind from the Port my sails did drive,  
 And I in *Helena's* Countrey did arrive,  
 Where thy Husband did me much kindness show;  
 And sure the gods decreed it should be so.  
 He shew'd me all that worthy was of fight  
 In *Lacedemon* to breed me delight.  
 But there was nothing that my fancy took;  
 But only thee and thy sweet peacocks look.

For when I saw thee I was even am'z'd,  
 My heart was wounded while on thee I gaz'd:  
 For I remember *Venus* was like thee;  
 When she would have her beauty judg'd by me.  
 And if thou hadst contended with her, I  
 Had surely given thee the victory.  
 For the report of thee abroad was blown,  
 Thy beauty was in every Country known.  
 For through all Nations where the Sun doth rise,  
 Thy beauty only bears away the prize,  
 Believe me, fame did not report so much  
 As thou deserv'st, thy beauty seemeth such,  
 That *Theseus* did not thy love disdain,  
 And to steal thee away did think't no shame?  
 When suiting to the *Lacedaemonian* fashion,  
 Thou didst sport with the young men of thy Nation,  
 In stealing thee I like his just desire,  
 But how he could restore thee I admire,  
 For such a beauteous prey had sure deserv'd,  
 To have been kept and constantly preserv'd.  
 For before thou shouldst been took from my bed,  
 Before I would lose thee, I would lose my head.  
 Alas, could I have ere so forgone thee,  
 Or while I liv'd have let thee been took from me?  
 Yet if I must restore thee needs at last,  
 I would have yet presum'd to touch and taste  
 The golden apples of thy Virgin tree,  
 And not send thee back with Virginity;  
 Or if that I had forc'd thy Virgin treasure,  
 I would have rifled some other pleasures.  
 Then grant thy love to *Flavius*, who will be,  
 While I live most constant unto thee.  
 I will be constant to your own desire,  
 My love and life shall both at once expire.



Before great kingdoms I preserv'd thee ;  
 Which royal *Juno* promis'd unto me.  
 And learning, *Pallas* gift, I did refuse ;  
 And to enjoy thy sweet self I did chuse.  
 When *Juno*, *Venus*, and fair *Pallas* too,  
 Their naked bodies unto me did shew  
 And in the *Idcan* valleys d'd not grudge,  
 In case of beau y to make me their Judge,  
 Yet I do not repent of my election,  
 My mind is constant to my first aff'ction.  
 I beseech thee let not my hope prove vain,  
 Who spai'd no labour in hope thee to gain.  
 Beneath your self you need not to decline,  
 Your birth is noble ; so is also mine.  
 So that if we do march, you cannot fail  
 Beneath your birth, or be disgrac'd at all.  
 For if you search into my pedigree,  
*Jove* and *Aleſira* are of kin to me.  
 And my fath'r *Priam* doth the Scepter sway,  
 Of the great'st kingdom in all *Asia*.  
 Many Cities and fair Houses thou shalt see,  
 And Temples suit'ng the gods Majestie.  
 Thou shalt see *Troy*, with Towers encompass'd round,  
 Whose walls *Apollos* Harpe at first did found.  
 Besides there are such store of people there,  
 The Land the people cannot hardly bear.  
 Great troops of *Trojan* Mat'ons thou shalt meet  
 And store of *Trojan* wives in every street.  
 The poverty of *Greece* thou wilt then pity,  
 When thou seest one house as rich as a City.  
 Yet *Sparta* I cannot contemn with scorn,  
 Because thou in that happy Land wert born.  
 But *Sparta* is poor, and cannot afford thee  
 Dressings ; which with thy beauty may agree.

The

That face of thine ought not to be content  
 With some common, but a curious ornament,  
 And it is fit, thou shouldst the old lay by,  
 And every day wear some fresh rarity.  
 When the habit of the *Trojans* you do see,  
 You may think womens habits richer be.  
 Then *Helen* grant me love not disdain,  
 A *Trojan*, who thy favour would obtain,  
 He was a *Trojan* from our blood descended,  
 Who with this Heavenly office was befriended,  
 To fill *Joves* Cup, and with water allay  
 The strength of his *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.  
 A *Trojan* in *Aurora* took delight,  
 Who doth begin the day, conclude the night:  
*Achises* was descended too from *Troy*,  
 Whom the Queen of Love desired to enjoy,  
 And did descend in the *Idean* Vally,  
 In amorous ways to sport with him and dally  
 I am a *Trojan* too, and if in truth,  
 You should compare my beauty and my youth  
 With *Menelaus*; I suppose that he,  
 Should not in your choice be prefer'd to me,  
 By matching with me, thou shalt not be kin  
 To such as bloody *Atrius* hath bin,  
 Who with the flesh of men his Horses fed,  
 From which sight the Suns frighted Horses fled.  
 My Grandfather did not his Brother kill,  
 As *Menelaus* Grandfather, who did spill  
*Myrtalus* blood, who being murder'd so,  
 He into the *Myrtoan*-sea did throw.  
 Nor yet our great Grandfather catcheth after,  
 (Like unto *Tantalus* in the *Stygian* water)  
 Apples and water, which are both so nigh  
 His lips, and yet from his touch'd lips do fly,

Yet if from them thou hast descended been,  
 Love would me wish to be to thee a kin.  
 Yet unworthy *Menelaus* takes delight  
 In thee, and doth enjoy thee every night.  
 I scarcely can behold thee at the Table,  
 And there to look on thee I am not able.  
 For at that very time I observe and find  
 Many things, that do much offend my mind.  
 For when the banquet is brought in then I  
 Do wish my room unto my enemy.  
 For it doth grieve me when I do behold,  
 How with his armes he doth thy neck infold.  
 And I could blush, when he before my face  
 Doth thy small waist so clownishly embrace.  
 And it did break my heart when I did see,  
 How he would cast his furr'd gown over thee.  
 And when that he would give thee kisses soft,  
 I put the cup before my eyes full oft.  
 His close imbraces I did never brooke,  
 For I beheld them with a down cast looke.  
 My meat, as if within thy mouth it grew,  
 I most u did willingly seem to chew.  
 And I sigh'd often, which when thou did'st see,  
 Thou oftentimes would'st smile, and laugh at mee.  
 Then I would strive to quench my flame with Wine,  
 But love through drunkennesse most cleare doth shine.  
 When I look'd away, lest I more should see,  
 Thy beauty made me look again on thee.  
 It grieved me to look on my disgrace,  
 But grieved me more not to look on thy face.  
 And I did strive my passion for to hide,  
 But oh! dissembled love is soonest spy'd.  
 I do not flatter thee, thou dost perceive  
 That I did love thee, nor could I deceive:

Thou discern'st my love, which I wish may be  
 Known to thy self alone, and none but thee.  
 When tears did spring, I turn'd away my head,  
 Lest *Merelais* should aske why I them shed.  
 How oft have I told fained tales of love?  
 Hoping I might thereby your favour move;  
 Under a fained name hoping to move you,  
 But it was I indeed did truly love you.  
 And that I might my mind more freely speak;  
 A wanton drunkennesse I would counterfeite.  
 I remember once thy bosom open lay,  
 And to my view thy whit breasts did betray;  
 Thy fair breasts which were far more white in show,  
 Than purest milk, of the new fallen Snow;  
 Or whiter than that Swans fair downy feather,  
 When *Jupiter* and *Leda* lay together.  
 When I beheld them, I was so amaz'd;  
 My Ring fell from my finger as I gaz'd.  
 When thou kiss'd'st thy Daughter, I Would not misse  
 To take thy kisse off with another kisse,  
 And sometimes I some ancient song Would sing,  
 Of those that heretofore had Lovers been.  
 Sometimes by secret signs my love was shown,  
 And by a nod or wink I made it know.  
 Then to *Clymene* and *Erbra* I did shew  
 My grief, and both of them began to woo,  
 Thy waiting maids who when I had begun,  
 They both did leave me before I had done.  
 And I do wish the gods had been so bene,  
 To have made thee prize of a Turnament.  
 That he that got the victory might bear thee  
 Out of the field, and he that won thee wear thee.  
 As *Hippomenes* fair *Atalanta* won,  
 Who all her former suiters had out-run.

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Thou in the *Phrygian* Cities shalt be seen,  
 Like *Hippodamia* brought in like a Queen  
 By *Pelops*, and as stout *Alcides* brake  
*Achelous* horns for *Deianira's* sake;  
 So by some valiant adventure, I  
 Would win thee by some act of chivalry.  
 But now I can beg of thy sweet beauty,  
 And at thy feet prostrate my self in duty.  
 O thou that art thy brothers only glory,  
 To whom even *Jove* himself could not be sorry  
 To be a Husband, if so be you were  
 Not by birth descended from *Jupiter*.  
 Either I will return to *Troy* with thee,  
 Or here in thy *Laconia* buried be.  
 Loves arrow hath so wounded my soft breast,  
 That it unto the very bone hath pierc'd.  
 My sister truly Prophesi'd of me,  
 That with Loves arrow I should wounded be.  
 Then since (sweet *Helen*) 'tis ordain'd by fate,  
 That I should love thee, pity my estate.  
 Do not contemn my love, but my suit hear,  
 Somay the gods attend unto thy prayer.  
 If thou wilt let me lie with thee to night,  
 More I cou'd say that should breed thy delight.  
 To wrong thy husband so, art thou asham'd;  
 Or that thy marriage bed should be so stain'd?  
 O *Helen*; thou a country conscience hast;  
 "Dost thou imagine to be fair and chaste?"  
 Either change thy beauty or more loving be,  
 "For beauty is a foe to Chastity."  
*Venus* doth love Loves stolen fruit to gather.  
 And *Jupiter* escapes did make him thy father.  
 Then how can'st thou be chaste, if thou take after  
*Jupiter* and *Leda*? Thou art their daughter.

May'st thou be chaste when thou to Troy art brought;  
 And for thy rape may I be held in fault.  
 Let's not offend, and after mend our life,  
 When as *Venus* promised, thou art my wife.  
 Besides, thy husband's actions do commend  
 The same to thee, who that he might be friend  
 His guest, absents himself, to give us leisure,  
 And opportunity to enjoy pleasure.  
 To go to *Cret* he thought it time most fit,  
 O he's a man of a honourable wit;  
 Which at his departure was well exprest,  
 When he bid thee use well his *Trojan* guest.  
 Thy absent husbands will thou dost neglect,  
 Thou tak'st no care of me, nor me affect,  
 Being so senseless, thinkest thou that he  
 Can prize thy beauty or else value thee?  
 He cannot, for if he had known the danger;  
 He had not bid thee be kind to a stranger.  
 Although my words nor love cannot move thee  
 Let us improve this opportunity.  
 Then thy husband our selves shall shew more folly,  
 If we lose time through bashful melancholly;  
 To be thy paramour he offer'd me,  
 Make use then of his weak simplicity.  
 For thou dost lie alone, and so do I,  
 'Twere better if we did together lie.  
 Let us enjoy our selves, for I do say,  
 "Midnight's sport yields more pleasure than the day,  
 Then thou shalt have fair promises of me,  
 And I will bind my self to marry thee.  
 For I do vow, if that thou canst believe me,  
 For one night's lodging I'll a Kingdom give thee.  
 And if thou canst but so believing be,  
 Unto my kingdom thou shalt go with me.



That thou followe'st me, it shall not be thought,  
 For I alone will bear the blame, and fault,  
 As *Theseus* did, my actions shall be such,  
 And his example may thee neerely touch.  
 For *Theseus* did carry thee away,  
 As for an I *Pollux* so did also stay,  
 And I will be the fourth, my love's as ample  
 To thee, and I will follow their example.  
 My *Trojan* Fleet for thee doth ready stay,  
 And when you please, we soon may sail away.  
 Thou in *Troy* City shalt live as a Queen,  
 As if thou had'st some goddess been.  
 And wheresoever thou dost please to be,  
 The people shall offer sacrifice to thee.  
 Thy kindred, and the *Trojans* shall present  
 Gifts unto thee, with humble complement.  
 I cannot here describe thy happiness,  
 Far above that my Letter doth express.  
 Let not the fear of Wars thy thoughts amaze,  
 Or that all *Greece* will straight great forces raise  
 To fetch thee back; who have they fetcht again?  
 Believe me, those tears are but fond, and vaine.  
 The *Thracians* *Orythia* took away,  
 Yet no wars after troubled *Thracia*.  
*Jason* from *Colchos* brought away *Meda*,  
 And yet no war did wast *Thessalia*.  
*Phæra* and *Ariadne* stolen were  
 By *Theseus*, yet *Minos* made no war.  
 Dangers may seem far greater than they are,  
 And fear may be without all ground of fear.  
 Suppose too (if you please) wars should ensue,  
 Yet I by force their forces could subdue.  
 My Country can to yours yield equal forces,  
 For it hath store of men and store of horses.

Nor can your husband *Menelaus* shew  
 More valiant courage, than *Paris* can do;  
 For when I was a young stripling, I  
 Did rescue our flocks from the Enemy;  
 Who did intend to drive away them all,  
 Whereon they did me *Alexander* call.  
 And of *Ilioneus*, and *Deiphebus* I,  
 When I was young did get the victory.  
 And as in single combat I plaid my part,  
 So with my bow I could hit any mark.  
 And I know *Menelaus* was not such  
 A forward youth, nor could he do so much.  
 Besides, *Hector's* my brother, who may stand  
 In account of Souldiers, for a whole band:  
 My strength, and forces are unknown to thee,  
 Nor know'st thou what a husband I shall be.  
 And therefore, either no wars shall ensue,  
 Or *Trojan* forces shall the *Greeks* subdue.  
 Yet I could be content for such a wife  
 To fight: there's credit in a noble strife.  
 Besides if all the world should fight for thee,  
 Thou shalt be famous to posterity:  
 Sweet *Helen* then consent to go with me,  
 What I have promis'd shall performed be.

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### The Argument of the sixteenth Epistle.

Helen having read Paris his Epistle; in her answer seems at first offended, and chides him, and for modesties sake objects against his passions, proving them idle; but so that she rather gives, than takes away encouragement from him to proceed in his suit; thereby showing a womans crafty wit; according to that of Ovid, in his Art of Love:

Forſitan & primo veniet tibi litera triſtis,  
 Quæq; rogat, ne te ſollicitare velis,  
 Quod rogat illa timet: quod non rogat optat ut inſer,  
 Inſequere, &c.

*At firſt ſhe haps her Letter will be ſowre,  
 And on thy hopes her pap'r ſeem to lowre;  
 In wh'ch ſhe will conjure thee to be mute,  
 And charge thee to forbear thy hated ſuit.  
 Tiſh, what ſhe moſt ſcorns, ſhe moſt deſires,  
 In froſty words are hid the hotteſt fires.*

*At laſt ſhe ſeems to conſent to Paris deſire, advising him as a man  
 ſafe and honeſt conſe, not to write his deſire, but impart his mind to  
 her waiting-maids Clymene and Euthra, he dealing with them, ſo  
 far prevailed, that he brought both Helena and them to Troy.*

### HELENA'S Answer to PARIS.

**S**ince thy wanton Letter did my eyes infect  
 When I did read it, why ſhould I neglect  
 To answer it? Since to answer it can be  
 No breach of chaſtity at a lin me.

What boldneſs was it in thee, thus to break  
 All lawes of hoſpitality, and to ſpeak  
 Thus by your Letter thereby for to move  
 My affliction, and ſolicite me for love.

Didſt thou on purpoſe ſail into our Port?  
 That thou might'ſt wooe me, and with ſain words court,  
 And had not we power to avoid this danger?  
 And ſhut our Palace gate againſt a ſtranger?  
 Who doſt requite our love with injury?  
 Didſt thou come as a gueſt, or enemy?  
 I know my juſt complaint will ſeem to thee  
 To proceed from rudeneſs, and ruſticity:

Let me seem rude, so I preserve my fame,  
And keep my honour free from spot or stain.  
Although my countenance be not sad or sowe,  
Though with bent brows I do not sit and lowre:  
Yet I have kept my clear fame without spot,  
No man hath in my Tables found a blot.  
So that I wonder whence thy encouragement  
Proceedeth, that thou shouldest my love attempt:  
Because once *Theseus* stole me as a prey,  
Shall I the second time be stolen away?  
It had been my fault had I given consent,  
But being stolen against my will I went.  
And yet he gathered not my Virgin flower,  
He us'd no violence, though I was in his power:  
Some kisses only he did striving gain,  
But no more kindness cou'd from me obtain.  
Such is thy wantonness, thou wouldst not be  
Like him content alone with kissing me.  
He brought me back untouch'd, his modesty  
Seem'd to excuse his former injury:  
And plainly it appear'd, that the young man  
For stealing me grew penitent again.  
But *Paris* comes when *Theseus* is fallen off,  
That *Helen* may be still the worlds scoff.  
Yet with a Lover who can be offended?  
If thy love prove true as thou hast pretended?  
This I do doubt, although I do not fear,  
My beauty can command love any where.  
But because women should believe men,  
For men with flattering words do oft deceive them,  
Though other Wives offend, and that a fair one  
Is seldom chaste, yet I will be that rare one.  
Because you think my mother did offend,  
By her example you think me to bend.

My mother was deceived; *Jove* to her came  
 In the shape of a milk white feathered Swan.  
 If I offend 'tis not my ignorance,  
 For no mistake can shadow my offence.  
 And yet her error may be happy thought,  
 For to offend with greatness is no fault.  
 But I should not be happy, if I erre,  
 Since I should not offend with *Jupiter*.  
 Of royal kindred thou dost boast to me,  
 But *Jove's* the fountain of Nobility.  
 Nay though from *Jupiter* thy self doth spring,  
 And *Pelos*, and *Airons* be to thee a kin;  
*Jupiter's* my Father, who himself did cover  
 With a Swans feathers, and deceiv'd my Mother.  
 Go reckon now the Pedegree of thy Nation,  
 And talk of *Priam* and *Lamedon*.  
 Whom I do reverence, yet thou shalt be  
 Remov'd from *Jupiter* to the fifth degree;  
 And I but one; and albeit that *Thy*  
 Be a great land, such is this we enjoy,  
 Though it for wealth, and more of men excell,  
 The land is barbarous, where thou dost dwell.  
 Yet thy Letter promises such gifts to me,  
 That goddesses might therewith tempted be.  
 But if I may with modesty thus speak,  
 Thy self, and not thy gifts may fancy take.  
 For either I'll keep my integrity,  
 Or for thy love, not gifts, I'll go with thee.  
 Though I despise them not, if ere I take  
 Those gifts, it shall be for the givers sake.  
 For when thy gifts have no power to move me,  
 I do esteem this more that thou dost love me,  
 And that thou shouldst if a painful voyage take  
 Through the rough Seas, and all even for thy sake.

And



And I do mark thy carriage at the Table,  
Although I to dissemble it am able.  
Sometimes thou wantonly wilt on me glance,  
And put me almost out of countenance,  
Sometimes thou sigh'st and then the cup do'st take,  
And to drink where I did drink, dost pleasure take.  
And so sometimes with thy fingers, or a wink,  
Thou closely would'st express what thou didst think.  
And I confess I have blush't many times,  
For fear my husband should discern thy signes.  
And oftentimes unto my self I said,  
If he were shameless he would be dismaid.  
And on the Table thou hast many a time  
Fashion'd and drawn forth with a little wine  
Those letters, which my name did plainly show,  
And underneath them thou hast writ, *Amo*.  
I lookt on it, but seem'd not to believe thee,  
But now this word *Amo* doth also give me:  
By these allurements thou my heart might'st bend:  
That I would have yielded to offend.  
I must confess thou hast a beauteous face  
Might win a Maid to yield to thy embrace.  
Let some one rather honestly enjoy thee,  
Than that a strangers love should so destroy me.  
To resist the power of beauty learn by me,  
Vertue abstains from things which pleasing be.  
By how many young men have I wooed been?  
That beauty *Paris* sees, others have seen.  
Thou art more bold, but they as much did see,  
Nor hast more courage, but less modesty.  
I would thy ship had then arrived here,  
When a thousand youths for my love Suiers were.  
For before a thousand I had prefer'd thee,  
Nay even my husband must have pardon'd me.

But

But thou' hast stay'd too long, and hast so trifled  
 That all my Virgin joyes are gone and rifled.  
 Thou wert too slow, therefore suppress thy flame.  
 What thou desir'st an'ther doth obtain.  
 Though to have been thy Wife I do wish still,  
*Menclaus* enjoys me, not 'gainst my will.  
 Cease with fair words to mollify my breath,  
 If you love me let it be so exprest  
 Let me live as fortune ha h allotted me,  
 Do not seek to corrupt my chastity.  
 But *Venus* promis'd thee in the *idean* wood,  
 When three naked goddesses before thee stood:  
 One promised a Kingdom unto thee,  
 T'other that thou in wars should'st prosperous be.  
 But *Venus*, who was the third in this strife,  
 Did promise *Hel'na* should be thy wife.  
 I scarce believe the goddesses would be  
 In a case of beauty judg'd so by thee.  
 Were the first true, the latter part is fain'd,  
 That she gave thee me, for ju'g ment obtain'd.  
 I do not think my beauty such that she  
 Could think to bribe thy judgement by that fee.  
 I am content that men may beauty prize,  
 That beauty *Venus* praises, she envies.  
 There's no assurance in a strangers love,  
 As they do wander, so their love doth rove.  
 And when you hope to find most constancy,  
 Their love doth cool, an' they away do flye.  
 Witness *Atiadæ* and *Hypsiphile*,  
 Whose lawless love procur'd their misery.  
 And it is said, thou did'st *Oenone* wrong,  
 Forsaking her, whom thou had'st lov'd so long.  
 This by thy self cannot denyed be,  
 For know I look care to enquire of thee.

Beside

Besides if thou had'st a design to prove  
 Constant in thy affection and true love ;  
 Yet thou would'st be compell'd at least to fail,  
 And with thy *Trojan* thou away would'st sail.  
 For if the wished night appointed were,  
 Thou would'st be gone, if that the wind stood fair,  
 And when our pleasures grew unto the height,  
 Thou would'st be gone, if that the wind stood right:  
 So by a fair wind I should be bereft  
 Of joye even in the midst imperfect left.  
 Or as thou perfwad'st shall I follow thee  
 To *Troy*, and so great *Priams* Daughter be.  
 Yet I do not so much contemn swift fame,  
 That I would stick disgrace upon thy name.  
 What would *Priam*, and his wife think of me  
 With's Daughters, and my brothers which may be ?  
 What might *Sparta*, and *Greece* of *Helena* say ?  
 Or what might *Troy* report, and *Asia* ?  
 And how canst thou hope I should faithful prove ?  
 And not to others, as to thee grant love ?  
 So that if a strangers ship do arrive here,  
 It will procure in thee a jealous fear.  
 And in thy rage call me adulteress,  
 When thou art guilty of my wickedness.  
 Thou that didst cause my fault wilt me upbraid,  
 O may I first into my grave be laid ;  
 But I shall have *Troys* wealth, go rich and brave,  
 And more then thou canst promise I shall have.  
 Tissue, and Cloath of Gold they shall present me,  
 And store of Gold shall for a gift be sent me.  
 Yet pardon me, those gifts cannot inflame me,  
 I know not how thy Land would entertain me.  
 If in the *Trojan* Land I should wrong'd be,  
 How could my brother, or father help me ?

False *Jason* with fair promises beguile

*Medea*, Who afterward exil'd.

Her Father *Eetes* was not there, to whom,

When she was scorn'd by *Jason*, she might come.

Nor her Mother *Ipsa* to whom she

Might return, nor her sister *Chalcippe*.

I fear not this, was not *Medea* afraid.

For those who mean best, soonest are betray'd,

Ships in the harbour do in safety ride.

But are tost at Sea, and do storms abide.

And that same fire-brand too affrighteth me,

Of which thy mother dreamt, and thought that she

Had been deliver'd: and besides too I

Do fear *Cassandra's* dismall prophesie?

Who did foretell, as truth did her inspire,

The *Greeks* should wast the City *Troy* with fire.

And besides, as fair *Venus* favours thee,

Because thy judgement gave her the victory;

I fear the other goddesses do grudge

At thee, because thou did'st against them judge.

And I do know that wars may follow after,

Our faral love shall be reveng'd with slaughter.

Yet to allow her praise I am content,

Why should I question that which she hath meant?

Yet for my slow belief be not thou griev'd,

For such good matters hardly are believ'd.

First I am glad that *Venus* did regard me,

Secondly, that with me she did reward thee.

And that *Helen*, when you of her beauty heard,

Was before *Pallas* and *Juno's* gifts prefer'd.

Am I both Wisdom, and Kingdom to thee?

Since thou lov'st me, should I no kindness shew thee?

I'm not so cruell, yet cannot incline

To love him, who I fear cannot be mine.

For

For suppose I to Sea would go with thee,  
 To steal hence I have no opportunity.  
 In lov's thefts I am ignorant and rude,  
 Heavens know my husband I did ne'r delude:  
 And in a Letter thus my mind to shew,  
 Is a task, I before did never do.  
 They are happy that do use it every day,  
 To offend it is hard to find the way.  
 A kind of painful fear restraineth me,  
 And how they look on us me-thinks I see.  
 Of the grumbling people I am much afraid,  
 For *Aethra* told me long since what they said.  
 But take no notice, nor dost thou desist,  
 I know you can dissemble if you list.  
 Then sport and spare not, but let us be wary,  
 " And if not chaste, let us at least be chary;  
 For though that *Menelaus* absent be,  
 I must discreetly use my liberty.  
 For though he is on earnest business gone,  
 And for this journey had occasion;  
 I took occasion thus my love to show,  
 Make hast to return, Sweet-heart, if you go.  
 And he straightway to recompence my wish  
 Of his return gave me a joyful kiss,  
 Charging me that my care should be express  
 In looking to his house, and *Trojan* guests.  
 I smil'd, and to him could say nought at all,  
 I striv'd, to refrain laughing with, I shall.  
 So with a prosperous wind he sail'd to *Cyrrus*;  
 Yet to do, what thou dost list, is not meet.  
 I'm kept in his absence with guard most strong,  
 " Do'st thou not know the hands of kings are long?  
 Besides, thou wrong'st us both in praising me,  
 For when he hears it he will jealous be.

The fame of beauty maketh me suspected,  
 I would I had the fame of it neglected.  
 Though to leave us together he thought fit,  
 To my own keeping he did me commit.  
 "He knew there cou'd no better guardian be,  
 "To keep me chaste than my own honesty.  
 He fear'd my beauty, but my chastity  
 Did take away that idle jealousy.  
 To make use of time thou advisest me,  
 Since his absence gives opportunity.  
 I must confess I have a good mind to it,  
 But am yet unresolv'd, and fear to do it.  
 Besides you know my Husband is from home,  
 And you without a wife do lie alone;  
 The nights are long, and while I sit together  
 In one house, we may talk unto each other.  
 And woe is me! when we are both alone,  
 I know thou hast a fair alluring tongue.  
 Thus every circumstance seems to invite me,  
 And nothing but a bashful fear doth fright me;  
 Since persuasions do no good, leave that course  
 And make me leave this bashfulness by force.  
 Such force would seem a welcome injury,  
 And I would fain be thus compell'd by thee.  
 Yet let me rather my new love refrain,  
 A little water quenches a young flame.  
 Did not the stout inhabitant of Thessalia  
 Fight with the Centaurs for Hippodamia?  
 And dost thou not think *Menelaus* hath  
 And *Tyndarus* as violent a wrath?  
 Although of valour thou dost boast to me,  
 Thy words and amorous face doth not agree.  
 Thou art not fit for Mars, nor for the field,  
 But for *Venus* combats, which do pleasures yield.



Let valiant hardy men of wars approve,  
 But *Paris* follow thou the wars of love.  
 Let *Hector* fight for thee, whom thou dost praise,  
 The gentle war of love shall give thee Bayes.  
 And in ch-f-war, 'tis wisdom for to fight,  
 And any Maid that's wise will take delight.  
 Not upon idle points of mo lesty stand,  
 I may perhaps in time give thee my hand.  
 But it is your desire, that yu and I  
 Should meet, I know what you do mean thereby.  
 Thus far this guilty Letter hath reveal'd  
 A piece of my mind, the rest conceal'd.  
 By *Clémene* and *Ethra* we may further  
 Make known our minds, more fully to each other,  
 For these two Maidens in such matters be  
 Companions, and Counsellors to me.

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The



The Argument of the seventeenth Epistle.

**T**He Sea of Hellespont being seven furlongs over, and as Pliny witnesseth dividing Europe from Asia, had on the one side Sestos in Europe where Hero lived, and Abydos in Asia where Leander dwelled, being two opposite Cities. Leander of Abydos being deeply in Love with Hero of Sestos, did use to swim by night unto her over the Hellespont: but being hindered by the tempestuous roughness of the Sea after seven daies were past, he sent this Letter to his sweet-brother Hero, by an adventuresome ship master that put forth to Sea in the storm.

Where

wherein he sheweth first that his love is firm, and constant. After-  
ward he complaineth that the roughness of the Sea should hinder him  
from swimming to her. Lastly, he proueth her that he will venture  
to come, and expose himself to the dangers of the Sea, rather  
than to want the sight of her, or her sweet company. Whence Mar-  
cellus thus of him signifieth.

Cum peteret dulces audax Leander amores  
Et fessus tumidis jam premeretur aquis;  
Sic miser instances affatus dicitur undas,  
Parcite dum propero, mergite dum redebo.

While bold Leander to his Sweet-heart swims,  
And swelling waves did beat his weary limbs:  
To the billowes that beat him so,  
'Tis said that thus he spake;  
Spare me while I to Herolgus  
Drown me when I come back.

### LEANDER TO HERO.

Thy love Leander wisheth thee all health,  
(Hero) which I had rather bring my self,  
For if the rough Seas had more calmer been,  
From Abydos to Sestos I would swim.  
If the fates smile upon our love, then I  
Do know, thou wilt read my lines willingly.  
This paper-messenger may well come be,  
But thou had'st rather have my company.  
But the fates frown, and will not suffer me,  
As I was us'd, to swim unto thee.  
The skie is black, the seas are rough, alas,  
So that no ship or Bark from home dare pass.  
Yet one bold Ship-master went from our Haven,  
To whom this present Letter I have given.

And had come with him, but the *Abydians* stay'd  
Upon their watch-towers, while the Anchor way'd;  
For presently they would have been descri'd,  
And discern'd our love, which we seek to hide.

Northward this Letter I did write, and so  
I said unto it, happy Letter go;

This is thy happiness, thou must understand,  
That *Hero* shall receive thee with her hand.

And perhaps thou shalt kiss her rosc lips,  
While with her teeth the Seals she open rips.

Having spoken these words, then my right hand after  
Did write these words upon this silent Paper.

But I do wish, that my right hand might be  
Not us'd in writing, but to swim to thee:

It is more fit to swim, yet I can write

My mind with ease and happily indite.

Seven nights are past which seem to me a year,

Since first the Seas with storms enraged were.

These nights seem'd long to me, I could not sleep,

To think the Sea should still his roughness keep.

Those Torches which on thy tower burning be

I saw, or else I thought that I did see:

Thrice I put off my cloaths, and did begin

Three times to make tryal if I could swim.

But swelling seas did my desire oppose,

Whose rising billows o're my face o'reflowes.

But *Boreas*, who art the fiercest wind,

Why thus to cross me, dost thou bend thy mind?

Thou dost not storm against the seas but me

Hadst thou not been in love what wouldst thou be?

Though thou art cold, yet once thou didst approve

*Orithya*, who did warm thy heart with love.

And would'st have vexed, if with *Orithya* fair

Thy passage had been hindred through the air.

O spare me then, and calm thy blustering wind,  
 Even so may'st thou from *Aeolus* favour find,  
 But I perceive he inturms at my prayer,  
 And still the seas are rough and stormy are:  
 I wish that *Daedalus* would give wings to me  
 Through the *Icarian* seas not far off be,  
 Where *Icarus* did fall when he did proffer  
 To fly too high, let me the same offence suffer  
 While flying through the air to thee I come,  
 As through the water I have often swum.  
 But since both wind, and seas deny to me  
 My passage, think how I first came to thee:  
 It was at that time when night doth begin,  
 (Th' remembrance of past pleasures, pleasure bring)  
 When I who was *Amans*, which we translate  
 A Lover, stole out of my Fathers Gate,  
 And having put off all my cloaths straightway,  
 My arms through the moist seas cut their way,  
 The Moon did yield a glimmering light to me,  
 Which all the way did bear me company,  
 I looked on her, said, some favour have  
 Towards me, and think upon the *Larmian* Cave.  
 O favour me! for thy *Endymions* sake,  
 Prosper this stollen journey which I take.  
 A mortals love made thee come from thy Sphear:  
 And she I love is like a goddess fair.  
 For none unless that she a goddess be,  
 Can be so vertuous, and so fair as she.  
 Nay none but *Venus*, or thy self can be  
 So fair, view her, if you'll not credit me.  
 For as thy silver beams do shine more bright  
 Than lesser streams, which yield a dimmer light:  
 Even so of all fair ones she is rarest,  
 And *Cynthia* cannot doubt but she's the fairest.

When I these words, or else the like had said,  
 My passage through the Sea by night I made.  
 The Moons bright beams were in the waters seen,  
 And 'twas as light as if it day had been.  
 No noise nor voice unto my ears did come,  
 But the murmur of the water when I swam.  
 Only the *Alecons* for lov'd *Cery* lake,  
 Seemed by night a sweet complaint to make.  
 But when my Arms to grow ty'd did begin,  
 Unto the top of the waves I did spring.  
 But when I saw thy Torch, O then quoth I,  
 Where that fire blazeth, my fair love doth lie.  
 For that same shore, said I, doth her contain,  
 Who is my goddess, my fire and my flame.  
 These words to my Arms did such strength restore,  
 Me thought the Sea grew calmer than before.  
 The coldness of the waves, I seem'd to scorn,  
 For love did keep my amorous heart still warm.  
 The nearer I came to the shore, I find  
 The greater courage and more strength of mind.  
 But when I could by thee discerned be,  
 Thou gav'st me courage by looking on me.  
 Then to please thee, my Mistris I begin  
 To spread my arms abroad, and strongly swim.  
 Thy nurse from leaping down could scarce stay thee,  
 This without flattery I did also see,  
 And though she did restrain thee, thou didst come  
 Down to the shore and to the waves didst run.  
 And to embrace and kiss me didst begin,  
 The gods to get such kisses sure would swim.  
 And thy own garmen's thou wouldst put on me,  
 Drying my hair which had been wet at Sea.  
 What past besides, the Tower, and we do know,  
 And Torch, which through the sea my way did show.



The joyes of that night we no more can count  
 Than drops of waters is the *Hell-spout*  
 And because we had so little time for pleasure,  
 We us'd our time, and did not waste our leisure.  
 But when *Aurora* rose from *Tiber* shore  
 And the morning star shew'd his glittering head,  
 Then we did kiss in hast, and kiss again  
 And that the night was past we did complain  
 When thy Nurse did me of the time inform  
 Then from thy Tower, I to the shore return  
 With tears we parted, and then I begin  
 Back through the *Hell-spout* again to swim.  
 And while I swom, I should look back on thee,  
 As far as I cou'd thee (sweet *Helen*) see  
 And if you will believe me, when I do come  
 Hither unto thee, then methought I swom  
 But when from thee again I return'd back  
 I seem'd like one that had suffer'd ship-wrack  
 To my home I went unwillingly again  
 My City 'gainst my will doth me contain  
 Alas! why should we be by seas disjoyn'd?  
 Since that love hath united us in mind  
 Since we bear such aff'ctions to each other,  
 Why should not we in one land dwell together?  
 In *Sestos*, or *Abydos* well with me,  
 Thy country pleasest me, as mine doth thee  
 Why shou'd the rough seas thus perplex our minds?  
 Why should we be parted by cruel winds?  
 The Dolphins with our loves acquainted grow  
 The fish by often swimming both me know  
 And through the water I have with a pain  
 Like to those wheel-ruts which a high way gain  
 I complain that I to such distress was put  
 But now the winds that passage have up shut

The *Hellepont* is rough, the waves go high,  
 So that ships scarce in Harbour safe do lie,  
 And I believe the sea her name first found,  
 From the Virgin *Helle*, who was int' drown'd.  
 This sea shall by her death infamous be,  
 Her name doth shew her guilt, though she spare me.  
*Leivy Jafes*, who did sail to *Gridas*,  
 And fetch away from thence the Golden Fleece,  
 In his ship call'd the *Ram*, yet I desire  
 No ship of his, this is all I require  
 That the waters of the *Hellepont* would be  
 So gentle to permit me to swim to thee.  
 I want no art to swim, give leave to me,  
 And both the ship and *Pilot* I will be.  
 I will not sail by the great or lesser bear,  
 For by such common stars love cannot steer.  
 Let others on *Andromedæ's* star look,  
 Or *Ariadæ's* Crown to Heaven took,  
 Nor yet *Caustos* stars which do shine clear  
 In the Polar Circle, which they call the Bear,  
 These stars which by the gods were stellif'd,  
 In my doubtful passage shall not be my guide,  
 But I have a more brighter star than these,  
 My love will guid me through the darkest seas,  
 Oft when my arms grew tyr'd with weariness,  
 That they cannot cut their waies through the seas;  
 When I do tell them, that to quit their pain,  
 They should imbrace thee, they would then again,  
 To enjoy their prize, with such a fresh strength swim,  
 Like a swift Horse that doth to run begin.  
 Thou art my star and I will follow thee,  
 Rather then all those stars in Heaven be.  
 Thou, thou art far more worthy for to shine  
 A star in Heaven, yet stay on earth thy time.

If thou wilt needs go, then shew to me  
 The way to Heaven, that I may follow thee:  
 Thou art here, yet I the way to thee can't find,  
 The roughness of the seas perplex my mind.  
 What though the Ocean do not us two part?  
 This narrow sea keeps me from thee sweet-heart.  
 I should in some distant Countrey be,  
 It would cut off all hope of seeing thee.  
 But now I am inflam'd with more desire,  
 And burn the more the nearer to the fire.  
 And though the thing I wish for absent be,  
 Yet I do hope for that I cannot see.  
 That which I love I almost seem to touch,  
 Which makes me weep to think my hopes are such.  
 I catch at Apples which from me do fly  
 Like *Tantalus*, or the stream which glides by.  
 Shall I then never be possess'd of thee,  
 Until the winds and sea so pleas'd be?  
 When wind and water fickle be, shall I  
 Upon the wind and water still relie?  
 Shall I be hindred by the raging seas?  
 The Goats, Bootes, or the Plejades?  
 Will I have any courage, thou shalt see,  
 Love shall embolden me to swim to thee.  
 And if I promise, I will come away,  
 And perform my promise without all delay.  
 If seas continue still their raging anger,  
 I'll try to swim to thee in despite of danger:  
 Either my bold attempt shall happy prove,  
 Or death shall give an end unto my love.  
 Yet do I wish my body may be driven,  
 Like to a wrack to thy beloved Haven.  
 Then thou wilt weep on it, and say 'twas I  
 Was the occasion, that this man did dye.

I know when thou hast in my Letter found  
 This word of Death, thou wilt hate the sad sound.  
 Fear not; but that the sea may now incline  
 To calmness, joyn your prayers I pray with mine.  
 If it were calm until I did swim hither,  
 Arriv'd again let it be blustering weather,  
 In the Harbour of thy Castle I'll abide,  
 And in thy chamber at safe Anchor ride.  
 Let blustering Boreas strongly there inclose me,  
 I delight to stay there though he oppose me:  
 For then I will be weary, and most slack  
 To venture to return, or to swim back.  
 On the deaf billowes I'll not rail in vain,  
 Nor on the rough and raging sea complain.  
 The winds and the embraces should keep me  
 Wind-bound, and love-bound, still to stay with thee.  
 Yet soon as the sea permits I'll begin  
 To use my arms, and unto thee I'll swim.  
 And be thou careful to put forth a light  
 Upon thy turret, to direct my sight.  
 Until then let my Letter lodge this night  
 With thee, as Harbinger of my delight.  
 Which though it go before me, I do pray  
 That I may follow it without delay.

Thou shalt see  
 How I shall  
 Follow thee  
 To the end  
 Of the world  
 And I shall  
 Be thy slave  
 For ever  
 And I shall  
 Be thy slave  
 For ever

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### The Argument of the eighteenth Epistle.

**H**ero having received Leanders Letter answereth it with many expressions of a mutual affection, and invites him to hasten his coming, that she might enjoy his company: sometimes accusing his slackness, thereby to shew the sincerity and integrity of her own love, sometimes inveighing against the Sea: sometimes fearing lest he loved some other; then reasoning that suspicion, according to the custom of Lovers, was acceptable to suspicion: lastly, she persuades

persuades him not to expose himself to the mercy of the Sea until it grow calm.

## HERO to LEANDER.

**T**Hat health *Leander* which thou sent'st in word,  
Come and more really to me afford.  
For our joyes are deferred by thy stay,  
And my love growes impatient of delay.  
Our love is equal, but I am the weaker,  
For men are of a stopt and stronger nature,  
Maids have a tender body and soft mind,  
If thou do stay, I shall with grief be pin'd.  
You men can spend the tedious time and leasure,  
In hunting or some other countrey pleasure,  
Or sometimes you can go unto the Court,  
Or in riding, or tilting take your sport.  
You often Hawk, and Angle many a time,  
And spend some hours in drinking of rich wine,  
But unto me love doth a torment prove,  
I have no business here to do, but love.  
Thou only art a pleasure unto me,  
I love thee more than can believed be.  
For either with my Nurse I talk of thee,  
Wondering what stayeth thy coming unto me.  
Or looking to the Sea, Sometimes I chide  
The sea, because it doth still so rough abide.  
Or when I see the sea is calmer grown,  
I think that when thou ma'st thou wilt not come.  
While I complain, sad tears spring in my eyes,  
Which with a trembling hand my old Nurse dries,  
Then do I look if any print remain  
Of thy foot-steps, which the sands yet retain.

And



And oftentimes I enquire if any be  
bound to *Abydos*, so to write to thee,  
And I do kiss thy cloths thou didst leave here  
When thou didst swim the *Hellepont* without fear;  
When day is done, and the more friendly night  
With spangled stars hath put the day to flight.  
Then I set out a light for a land-mark  
Upon my Tower, to guid thee in the dark.  
And then sometimes with spinning I assay,  
To pass the time which runs so flow away.  
And that I may the tedious hours beguile,  
I talk of my *Leander* all the while.  
And to my Nurse I speake thus, dost not thou  
Think that my joy and love is coming now;  
Or think'st thou that his friends watch him, that he  
Is hindred so from coming unto me?  
Dost thou not think that he even now begins  
To put off his cloaths, and anoint his limbs?  
Yet saies my old Nurse, who did strive to keep  
Time with her head while she did nodding sleep.  
And senseless of all love, car'd not though I  
Did want thy kisses, and sweet company.  
Then I should say to her a little alter,  
Now I do think he's in swimming through the water.  
And having drawn thy thred forth I would say,  
Now I do think he is in the middle way.  
Then I look'd forth, and fearfully did pray  
The wind would favour thee upon the way;  
Sometimes I listned unto every voice,  
Thinking thou wert come, if I heard a noise.  
Thus I would spend most of the night, till sleep  
Upon my weary eyes by stealth did creep.  
And sometimes thou sleep'st with me in my dream,  
And art come, though to come thou dost not mean.

And

And now methinks that in my dream I see  
 Thee swimming, now thou art embracing me.  
 And now to clasp thy wet limbs I do strive,  
 And in thy warm bosom do thee revive.  
 And other things I dream of which must be  
 Concealed at this time for modesty.  
 For that which in the doing pleas'd us well,  
 Yet being done it is a shame to tell.  
 But woe is me, these pleasures are soon done,  
 For when thy dream doth vanish, thou art gone.  
 O let us at the length more firmly meet,  
 That our joyes may be real and more sweet.  
 Why have I lain so many nights from thee?  
 And why dost thou delay to swim to me?  
 Though the Seas yet for swimming untt are,  
 Yet yster night the winds more calmer were.  
 And why didst thou then fear to come to me?  
 Why didst not use that opportunity?  
 Though you have another season, yet at least  
 Because this was the first this was the best.  
 The fickle sea doth quickly change her face,  
 But thou canst swim it in a little space.  
 And suppose winds and storms should keep thee here,  
 While I embrace thee, thou needst nothing fear:  
 Then I wou'd have the winds blow high enough,  
 And I would pray the seas might still be rough.  
 But why dost thou the winds and seas now fear,  
 Which formerly by thee despised were?  
 For I remember thou didst swim to me,  
 When the seas were as rough as now they be.  
 When I did wish thee not so rash to be,  
 Lest thy rashness should make me weep for thee.  
 But where is all thy courage now become?  
 Who through the *Melisso* hast often swum.

do not thou such rash adventures make,  
 when the sea is calm thy journey take,  
 thou dost love me still, as thou dost write,  
 and that our flame of love burns clear and bright:  
 fear not winds so much that cross my mind,  
 that thy love should prove false as wind,  
 that thou think'st me unworthy to enter  
 such dangers, and for my sake to adventure.  
 and sometimes I am very much afraid,  
 if thou of *Abydos* scorn'st a *Sestian* maid,  
 it would grieve me more than all the rest,  
 if thou shouldst love another Sweet-heart best;  
 or if some Harlots armes should thee embrace,  
 while that her new love doth the old displace.  
 O may I die before that I do see  
 thee self in such a manner wrong'd by thee.  
 yet do I not write this, because that I  
 from thee, or fame, have cause of jealousy.  
 yet still I fear (who can securely love?)  
 for absence doth often suspicion move.  
 those lovers are happy that present are,  
 and know when to be Tealous, when not to fear.  
 we vainly fear, and slight true injuries,  
 and nourish in our breall fond jealousies.  
 O would'st thou come, or else would I might find  
 a woman hinders thee but the fierce wind.  
 which when I know, believe me I shall die  
 with grief to think upon thy injury.  
 for if thou hadst a desire to send  
 me to my grave, thou might'st before offend.  
 for thou wilt not offend, my fears are vain,  
 know the winters storms do thee detain,  
 the sea's met the billow do grow rough and high,  
 and obscure clouds do darken all the sky.

Or *Helle's* Mother makes the sea-waves weep,  
 While they her Daughters obsequies do keep.  
 Or *Juno* her step-mother now doth please,  
 Chang'd to a goddess, thus to vex the seas,  
 This sea unto young maids unkind doth prove;  
 It drowned *Helle* and doth cross my love.  
 If *Neptune* his own love had call'd to mine,  
 Our love had not been cross'd so by the wind.  
 It is no fable that thou didst approve  
 Of fair *Amymon*, and her didst love.  
*Alcyon*, and *Cryce* thy Sweet-hearts were,  
 And *Medusa* before she had snaky hair.  
*Laodice* and *Celene* Plejades,  
 And many I have read of besides these.  
 O *Neptune* thou these Sweet-hearts hadst in store,  
 As Poets do report, and many more.  
 Since thou so oft the force of love didst prove;  
 Why still from comming dost thou stay my love?  
 Spare us, let storms rage in the Ocean wide,  
 The Sea doth two parts of the world divide.  
 For thee to toss great ships it is most meet,  
 Or express thy rage in scattering a Fleet.  
 To disturb these seas can no glory be,  
 Or to hinder a young man would swim to me?  
 For know *Leander* nobly is descended,  
 Nor from *Ulysses* ill of thee befriended.  
 Preserve us both, for while that he doth swim;  
 "I e's in the water, but my life's in him.  
 But now my Candle (by whose watchful light  
 As it stood by me, these lines did write)  
 Began to sparkle at that very time,  
 Which he did take to be a happy sign.  
 And my Nurse put wine to it, to maintain  
 The Lamp, and cherish the reviving flame.

Says she, here will be strangers I do think  
To morrow, and with these words she doth drink.  
*Leander* come, and let our number be  
Increas'd, for I do love thy company.  
*Leander* unto thy own love return,  
For why should I still lie alone, and mourn?  
Thou hast no cause thus fearful still to be,  
*Venus* will calm the sea, and favour thee.  
Sometimes to wade through the sea I begin,  
But this sea hath to women fatal bin,  
For *Jason* over it in safety came,  
But a woman gave to these seas their name.  
If thou fear'st thou should'st want strength to perform  
This double labour; to come, and return:  
Let us in the midst of the sea both meet,  
And with a kiss each other kindly greet.  
Then to our Cities both return again,  
This would some comfort be, though it were vain.  
I would that we had no regard of Fame,  
Which makes us love in secret, nor of shame.  
"For love and fearfulness do ill agree;  
That perswades to pleasure, this to modesty.  
When that young *Jason* did to *Colchos* come,  
He bore away *Medea* with him soon.  
Soon as *Paris* to *Lacedemon* came,  
He straight returned with his prey again.  
Thou com'st to me, but leavest me behind,  
And swim'st when ships can scarce a passage find.  
But my *Leander* have a care hereafter,  
Not only to despise, but fear the water.  
Strong ships unto the sea are made a scorn,  
Think'st thou thy arms can more than Oars perform;  
The Mariners (*Leander*) fear to swim.  
Till they are forc'd, when they have ship-wrackt bin.

Wo's me, I perswade 'gainst that I require,  
 Let not my words discourage thee I deare.  
 With thy arms swim through the Seas, which being done,  
 Embrace me with those arms when thou art gone.  
 But as oft as I to the blew seas looke,  
 My heart is with a sudden cold fear trook.  
 And I am troubled with my last nights dream,  
 Though I sacrific'd 'gainst that it did mean:  
 About morning, when the Candle sleepey grew  
 And wink'd, when dreams most usually are true:  
 Out of my drowie fingers fell my thread,  
 And on my pillow I did rest my head:  
 When in my dream I thought that I had seen  
 A Dolphin, that on the rough waves did swim.  
 Which the waves cast up on the shore, and left  
 Upon the boiling sand, of life bereft.  
 I know not what this might prelage, or mean,  
 Stay till the Sea be calm, slight not my dream:  
 If thou wilt not spare thy self, spare thou me.  
 My life and happiness consists in thee.  
 I hope the rough seas will grow calm, then slay  
 And through the calm seas cut thy gentle way.  
 And till then, since thou canst not swim, nor come.  
 Let this Letter make the time not seem long.





The Argument of the nineteenth Epistle.

**A** Contius going to Diana's sacrifices, which were celebrated by Virgins in Delos, the chiefest Island of all the Cyclades in the Aegean sea, fell in love with Cydippe a noble Maid: but he in regard of the inequality of his birth, not daring to sollicit her love, did cunningly write on a fair Apple these two verses.

Juro tibi sane per mystica sacra Dianæ,  
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamq; futuram;

L

By

By Diana's sacred rites I swear to thee,  
Thy loving Consort and wife I will be.

And so he cast the Apple at the Maids feet; who ignorant of his cunning, reading it at unawares, she promised that she would be wife to Acontius. For it was a Law, that was spoken before the gods in the Temple of Diana should be ratified. So that Acontius endeavours in this Epistle to persuade her, that Diana had inflicted sickness on her, because she had violated her promise made in the goddesses presence. And to allure her to his desires, his Exordium endeavours to make her confident to read without any suspicion of deceit, like the former. Afterward he strives to make her husband contemptible in her sight, persuading her that he was the cause of all her sickness.

### ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

**B**E not afraid, since that thou shalt not swear,  
As thou didst before to thy Lover, here;  
For thou didst swear enough at that same time,  
When thou didst promise that thou wouldst be mine,  
Read it, and so may the sickness leave thee,  
And pains, which also are a pain to me.  
For why should thy ingenuous cheeks be spred,  
As in Diana's Temple with blushing red:  
Since to perform thy promise I do move thee,  
And not loosely, but as a husband love thee.  
For if those words thou wouldst but call to mind,  
Which I did write upon the Apples rind,  
And cast before thee, being read by thee,  
In reading it thou didst promise to me,  
Even that which I do now of thee desire,  
My word and faith do not at once expire.

When

When *Diana* depriv'd thee first of health,  
 I fear'd it ; Virgin think upon thy self.  
 And now I fear the same, for now at length  
 The flame of love in me hath gotten strength.  
 My strong affection doth increas', and grow,  
 Encourag'd by that hope which you did shew.  
 Thou gav'st me hope, from thee it did proceed,  
*Diana* is a witness to thy deed.  
 For thou didst swear by *Diana's* majesty,  
*Acontius* I do mean to marry thee.  
 And to these words which from thy mouth then went,  
*Diana* bow'd in token of consent,  
 If thou dost urge, thou wert deceiv'd by me,  
 The deceit came from love, my love from thee.  
 Seeking thereby to thee to be united,  
 That should win favour, wherewith thou art frighted.  
 I'me not so crafty by nature or use,  
 Thy beauty doth this craftiness infuse.  
 Ingenious love, and not my art first joyn'd  
 Those words which thee to me did firmly bind.  
 For love this cunning trick to me disclos'd  
 And words of marriage into lines compos'd.  
 Yet let this Act of mine deceitful prove,  
 If it be deceit to get what we love.  
 And now I write, for favour I intreat,  
 Complain of this, if this be a deceit.  
 If loving thee, an injury I do thee,  
 Though thou forbid me, I will love and woe thee.  
 Some have by force their Sweet-hearts away brought,  
 To write a Letter, shall it be a fault ?  
 Since that a Letter a new knot doth tie  
 Of that promis'd love between thee and I.  
 Though thou art coy to me, yet I shall make thee  
 More kind, and I do know that I shall take thee.

For albeit thou scape out of this net  
 Thou shalt not scape all those which love can set.  
 And if that gentle means, and art do fail,  
 Then force against thy coyness shall prevail.  
 I do not hold that *Paris* was in fault,  
 Or those who their desires by force have sought.  
 And so will I : although that death should be  
 His sad reward, that ventures to steal thee.  
 Wert thou less fair, my suit would be more cold,  
 But now thy beauteous face doth make me bold.  
 My flame of love proceeds from thy fair eyes,  
 Which do out-shine the bright stars in the skies.  
 And from thy white neck, which thy brown hair graces,  
 And from thy arms fit only for imbraces.  
 Thy modest countenance also taketh me  
 Where silent beauties sweetly placed be.  
 Thy feet like ivory are so pure and white,  
 That *Thetis*, I suppose, hath not the like.  
 I were happy, if I might praise the rest,  
 Thy parts summ'd up together would be best.  
 It is no wonder since thou art so fair,  
 If by thy own words I did thee insnare.  
 For if thou shouldst confess thy self to be  
 Taken by my deceit and treachery ;  
 Let me bear the envy of it, and blame,  
 So that I may the fruits of love obtain.  
*Achilles* did by force fair *Briseis* take,  
 Yet she lov'd him, and would not him forsake.  
 Find fault with what thou wilt and angry be,  
 So that in danger I may enjoy thee,  
 I that have mov'd your danger, will appease you,  
 And if you give me leave, I'll strive to please you.  
 For I will stand before you, and there weep,  
 While my tears with my words due time shall keep :

And

And like some servant that correction fears,  
I hold my hands up, and beg with my tears.  
Assume your right, I'm a slave to your beauty,  
Be you my Mistress, and teach me my duty,  
Although that you should strike me, and should tear  
In an imperious manner my long hair,  
I'll suffer all, and only afraid be,  
Lest you should hurt your hand with striking me.  
Thou needst not fetter me with iron chains,  
"He serveth willingly whom love constrains.  
When thou hast satisfyed thy wrath on me,  
Thou wilt then say; how patient is he?  
And noting my patience say, since I see  
That he can serve so well, he shall serve me.  
I know thou dost condemn me in absence,  
And my good cause doth want a just defence.  
That only which I on the Apple writ  
Is my offence, yet love indited it,  
Besides *Diana* should not mocked be,  
Keep thy promise with her, though not with me.  
She saw the blush, when as thou art deceiv'd,  
And she did hear those words which thou didst read.  
And who can be more violent than she,  
To those who do prophane her Majesty.  
Who more angry than *Althea* with her son,  
More fierce than was the Boar of *Calydon*.  
She made *Aetons* hounds their Master hunt,  
As he with them to chase wild beasts was wont.  
She did *Niobe* to a stone transform,  
Which in *Bythinia* stands, and seems to mourn.  
*Cydippe*, I dare not speak truth to thee,  
Let my admonishment seem false to be.  
Yet I must speak, her wrath inflicts on thee  
This sickness, when that thou should'st marry'd be:

From perjury she'd have thee keep thy self;  
 " By sickness she would bring thy mind to health.  
 And when to break thy vow thou wouldst begin,  
 She keeps thee from committing of that sin.  
 Then do not thou *Diana* move incense,  
 She may be brought to remit thy offence,  
 That so thy feaver may not quite destroy  
 Thy beauty sav'd, that I may it enjoy.  
 Preserve that beauty, which my love first bred,  
 Where snowy whiteness shaddoweth the red.  
 May those who cross our love, endure that pain,  
 Which I while thou art sick do now sustain.  
 I would not have thee sick, nor married be,  
 I know not which of these would most grieve me.  
 Sometimes it grieveth me, that I should grieve thee,  
 And that I did so cunningly deceive thee.  
 For my mistress's perjury, O punish me  
 Ye gods; from punishment let her be free.  
 And sometimes I occasion take to go  
 By the door, that I may know how you do.  
 And in a secret manner enquiring keep  
 Of your maid, how you eat, and take your sleep.  
 I would I had been a Physician bred,  
 To feel thy pulse, and sit upon thy bed.  
 And wo is me, that I must absent be,  
 While that my rival is perhaps with thee.  
 He holds thy hand, and sits on thy beds side,  
 Who is by all the gods, and me envy'd.  
 And while that he thy beating pulse doth try,  
 Thy white arm he doth often touch thereby.  
 He handles thee, and then perhaps a kiss,  
 Rewards his service with too great a bliss.  
 Who hath permitted thee to reap my crop?  
 And take away the fruits of all my hope?



Her self, and Kisse thou must understand  
Are mine by promise, then take off thy hand.  
Take off thy hand, for she my own shall be,  
Unless thou wilt commit Adultery.  
Some other Maiden chuse that yet is free,  
For of her tenement I must Land-Lord be.  
Thou mai'st believe our covenants if not me,  
To shew they're firm, let her read them to thee,  
Therefore thou hast no right, I say to thee,  
Unto her marriage bed, 'tis kept for me.  
Though her father to thee dip her assign,  
Yet thy right cannot be so good as mine.  
Her Father did betroth her unto thee,  
But she her self did give her self to me.  
He promis'd before men she should be thine,  
She promis'd before *Diana* she would be mine.  
He breaks his word, she violates her oath,  
And dost thou dote which is the worst of both ?  
Lastly consider, what the event may be,  
For he's in health, but sick in bed is she.  
In our contentions too much ods there are,  
Thy hope is not like mine, nor yet thy fear.  
Thy love is not so dangerous but I  
If I should suffer a repulse must dye.  
Perhaps that hereafter thou wilt approve her,  
But it is I that now doth clearly love her.  
Therefore in justice, that same love of thine  
Unto my love all title should resign.  
Snce for thy love he unjustly doth contend,  
*Cydippe* why do I this Letter send ?  
*Diana* for his sake doth thee afflict,  
Forbid him then thy house, if thou hast wit.  
And for his sake this sicknels light on thee,  
May he that causeth it, so punish'd be.

For if thou wilt his fained love reject,  
 And not love whom the goddess doth not respect.  
 Thou shalt then presently regain thy health,  
 When thou art well, I shall be well my self.  
 Fear not sweet Maid, thou shalt have thy health now ;  
 If to the goddess thou wilt keep thy vow.  
 " The heavenly powers our sacrifices scorn,  
 " Unless we faithfully our vows perform.  
 Yet some do lancing suffer for healths sake,  
 And some for health do bitter potions take.  
 But if thou keep thy self from perjury,  
 Thou shalt preserve thy health, thy faith, and me.  
 Thy former fault may yet a pardon find,  
 Through ignorance, or forgetfulness of mind.  
 Thy sickness, and my words admonish thee,  
 " For know the gods cannot deceiv'd be.  
 Yet should'st thou scape this sickness, being a Maid,  
 Being married, thou wilt need *Diana's* aid.  
 Having heard thy promise she will ask thee  
 If I the father of thy burthen be.  
 If thou dost vow, yet she will not believe,  
 If thou swearst she knows 'tis but to deceive.  
 For thee, not for thy self this care I take,  
 And my mind is thus troubled for thy sake.  
 Let not thy Parents for thy sickness weep ;  
 Or why dost thou in ignorance them keep ?  
 Though to thy Mother thou dost all relate,  
*Cydippe*, thou need'st not to blush thereat.  
 Tell her how I did first behold thy eyes,  
 While thou didst to *Diana* sacrifice,  
 And at the first side if thou marked'st me,  
 I stood and gaz'd with fixed eyes on thee.  
 And while I wondring stood my cloak off fell  
 From my shoulder, which passion seem'd to tell ;

And

And after that an Apple I did fir,  
 Wherein most cunningly these words I writ.  
 Which in *Diana's* presence read by thee,  
 Thou didst bind thy self then to marry me.  
 That she the tenour of the words may know,  
 As thou read'st them once, read them to her so.  
 Then she will say forthwith, pray marry me  
 Him, whom the goddess hath allotted thee.  
 Since that *Diana* is pleas'd, chuse no other,  
 For the goddess will be to thee a mother.  
 And tell her if she ask thee, who I am,  
 The goddess choice can be to thee no shame.  
 In *Cæa* where *Corycian* Nymphs have,  
 In *Parnassus* hill an old famous Cave,  
 I was born, and (if birth be not condemn'd)  
 From no base Parentage I did descend.  
 I have wealth, and my life from spot is free,  
 And there is none whom I love more than thee.  
 Had'st thou not sworn, yet thou need'st must like  
 Such a husband, and I such a wife would seek.  
*Diana* in a dream bid me to write  
 These lines, and waking love bid me indite.  
 And as Loves arrow now hath wounded me,  
 Take heed *Diana's* arrow wound not thee.  
 At once have pity on me, and thy self,  
 At once thou mayst restore us both to health;  
 Which if thou grant, when the Trumpets proclaim  
*Diana's* solemn sacrifice again,  
 I'll offer a golden Apple, and on it  
 These two vers's shall be most fairly writ.  
*Acontius* this Apple offer'd to resign,  
 The gods the words writ in't did ratifie.  
 Lest a longer Letter try thee being weak.  
 I have but one word more to write, or speak.

And

And in the usual way as all can tell  
I will conclude my Letter here ; Farewell.



The Argument of the twentieth Epistle.

**W**HEN Cydippe understood that offended Diana had infected this  
Feaver on her, she condescended to Acontius desire against her  
parents will, rather than to endure the torment of her sickness. First  
she answers, that she durst not read his Epistle aloud, lest he should

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deceived with the fallacy of an oath, as she was in reading the writ on the Apple. Then amplifying the deceit of that Apple, she thus against Acontius.

## CYDIPPE to ACONTIUS.

IN silence I thy Letter read, for fear  
 Lest unawares I by the gods should swear.  
 I think, again thou would'st have cozened me,  
 That I have promised my self to thee.  
 Read it, lest if I unkind should seem,  
 Diana should have more offended been.  
 Though to Diana I do incense offer,  
 Let she defend that wrong which thou didst proffer.  
 And if I may give credit unto thee,  
 For thy sake she with sickness visits me.  
 O to Hippolytus she was not so kind,  
 For at her hand more favour thou dost find.  
 A Virgin of a Virgin should take care,  
 Although I have not long to live I fear.  
 I am sick, yet the causes of my grief.  
 Physicians know not, nor can yield relief.  
 How sick am I, while I these lines do write,  
 I scarce can sit within my bed upright.  
 I fear lest any but my Nurse should find,  
 That we by Letters do exchange our mind.  
 To visitants, while she the door doth keep,  
 (Thou give me time to write) she says I sleep.  
 When this colour the matter cannot hide,  
 Lest by sleeping too long truth be descri'd.  
 If some come, who to deny 'tis unfitting,  
 She gives me then a fained sign by spitting.  
 Then I break off, and lest it should be spild,  
 In my trembling bosom the Letter hide.

When

When they are gone, then I do write again,  
Thus in the midst of pains, I take great pain,  
Which didst thou deserve, I could undertake,  
Then thou deserv'st, I'll do more for thy sake.  
For thy sake, I this sickness do sustain,  
And for thy imposture thus punisht am,  
And thus my beauty which did please thy sight,  
Hath hurt thy self, by yielding thee delight.  
If I had appear'd deformed unto thee,  
No sickness had procur'd my misery.  
Praise is my ruin, and while you both wooe me  
'Tis my own beauty that doth thus undo me.  
And while both will not yield, both will be mine,  
You hinder his desire, he hinders thine.  
I am like a ship the wind drives amain  
To Sea, but strong tides drive it back again.  
My marriage day which my Parents would see  
Is at hand, but a feaver troubleth me.  
And while the thought of Marriage doth me mock,  
Death even at my door begins to knock;  
Which though I am not guilty makes me fear,  
Some of the gods with me offended are.  
Some think my sickness hath but casual been,  
Or the gods would not have me marry him.  
And that thou mayst not think same doth detect thee,  
For poisoning of my self they do suspect me.  
The cause is hid, but yet my grief lies open,  
You do contend, but I with grief am broken.  
Tell me and do not unkindly reject me.  
What is thy hate, if thy love doth afflict me?  
If such thy love be, love thy enemy,  
But I intreat thee that thou wouldst spare me.  
What hope to obtain my love canst thou cherish,  
When thou dost let me by a feaver perish?



to *Diana* thou dost pray in vain  
Why dost thou boast what thou canst not obtain ?  
Whether thou canst not *Diana* pacifie ;  
Thou canst, but art unmindful of me :  
Would that I had *Delos* never known,  
At least, at that time had not to it gone.  
My ship unhappily did sail that day,  
And through the blew seas cut her fatal way.  
Unluckily out of my house I did slip,  
When I did go aboard my fainted ship.  
Twice the winds to our sails contrary were,  
Yet now I think on't the winds did stand fair ;  
It was a fair wind that did drive me back,  
That my unhappy journey I might slack.  
Would it had been contrary to my mind,  
But 'tis folly to complain 'gainst the wind.  
For famous *Delos* I desire to see,  
We thought my ship sail'd slowly under me.  
I chid the Oars because that they did fail,  
And we thought they put out too little sail.  
Having pass'd *Tenos*, and *Andros*, the white  
Cliffes of fair *Delos* came within my sight.  
And to the Isle I said, why dost me shun ?  
Dost still flote in the Sea, 'las thou hast done !  
I landed when the Sun had run his course,  
And began to unyoke his purple horse.  
Next day when in the East they harnes'd were,  
My mother bid me comb and dress my hair.  
She gave me Rings, my hair with gold she dress'd,  
And put on me apparel of the best.  
To the gods of the Island we did dispense  
Our gifts, and offered yellow frankincense.  
And while my Mother bedewing with blood  
The smoking Altar, sacrificing stood ;

My

My careful Nurse led me another way,  
 While she, and I through sacred places stray.  
 We walk about while we admired there  
 The gifts of Kings, and Images there were.  
 We admir'd *Apollo's* Altar, and the tree  
 That help'd *Latoria* in child-delivery.  
 And all that had in *Delos* famous been,  
 We saw, and more then yet hath mention'd been.  
 And here *Acontius* thou dost cast a look  
 On me, conceiving I might be soon took.  
 I return'd to *Diana's* Temple that hath  
 Fair steps, and what place ought to be more safe ?  
 Thou threw'st an Apple for me with this verse,  
 Which I was ready again to rehearse ;  
 My Nurse took't up, and wondring, wished me  
 To read it, so I read thy treachery.  
 When to this word of marriage I came,  
 I felt that both my cheeks did blush for shame.  
 And when my eyes had serv'd thy turn to read  
 These lines, I look'd down, and hung my head.  
 But yet what glory hast thou got thereby ?  
 To deceive a Maid is no victory.  
 I stood not with my Axe and buckler there,  
 As *Penthesilea* did at *Troy* appear.  
 No go'd belt from me thou didst bear away,  
 Like that was tak'n from *Hyppolita*  
 Then why should'st thou rejoyce to have betray'd  
 By thy deceitful words a harmless Maid ?  
 An Apple deceiv'd *Atalanta* and *Cydippe* :  
 Thou shalt another *Hippomenes* be:  
 But if that wanton Boy did thee enflame,  
 Whose quiver (thou saist) doth Loves shafts contain ;  
 Why didst thou not in honest sort come to me ?  
 And not strive to deceive me, but to wooe me.

Why didst thou not by words thy worth express,  
To gain my love, while thou didst love profess;  
Why didst thou seek to compell, not perswade  
My love? by promises on thy part made.  
What doth my former oath now profit thee?  
Though I call'd *Diana* it to testify.  
It is the mind that swears; but my tongue went,  
And swore this oath without my minds consent.  
An oath should be took with a knowing mind,  
Therefore a rash oath hath no power to bind.  
I willingly I promis'd unto thee  
Marriage, thou might'st then seek it now of me.  
But if those words I unawares did speak,  
Thou stand'st on words that are but vain and weak.  
I did not swear, therefore thou canst not be,  
By reading those words, a husband unto me.  
If such false oaths to bind effectual were,  
To grow rich in short time thou need'st not fear.  
For all the Kings in the world may resign  
Their right unto thee by reading a line,  
Thou art greater than *Diana* believe me,  
If in thy words so great a power there be.  
Yet though my oath, and thy love here I slight,  
And have strongly pleaded, my case is right.  
Yet I confess I fear *Diana's* wrath,  
Who now I doubt thus me afflicted hath.  
For as often, as I do intend to marry,  
I do fall sick, and so am forc'd to tarry.  
Thrice *Hymen* now unto my bed-side came,  
And finding me sick, he went back again.  
And with his tired hand he scarce could light  
His Torch, or make it to burn clear, and bright.  
Sometimes with powders he perfumes his hair,  
While he his yellow saffron-robe doth wear.

But

But when unto my chamber he doth come,  
 And beholds tears, and weeping he is gone.  
 He pluck's the Garland from his shining hair,  
 And tears the flowers in it placed were.  
 Such mourning doth with him so ill agree,  
 That his blushing cheeks red as his robe be,  
 While a hot feaver now tormenteth me,  
 So that I think the bed-cloaths heavy be.  
 I see my Parents for me weep and rage,  
 Who am now nearer death than marriage.  
 O *Diana*! that dost wear thy painted quiver,  
 Help me now by *Apollo's* skill thy brother.  
 Since he can cure the sick, then why should I  
 To thy disgrace, without thy help nere die?  
 When thou didst bath thy self I ne're mistaked  
 Like rash *Aëleon* who beheld thee naked.  
 On thy Altars I have often sacrific'd,  
 Thy mother was not by my mother despis'd.  
 This only was my fault, that I had read  
 A perjur'd verse, and was thereby deceiv'd.  
 Therefore *Acontius* for my sake now bring  
 To *Diana's* Altar thy own offering.  
 If that the goddess be offended with me,  
 Then to be thine, why doth she hinder me?  
 For if that she do take away my life,  
 Thou canst not hope that I should be thy wife.  
 He that should be my Husband, doth not stand  
 By my bed, and lift me up with his hand.  
 He sits indeed on my beds side, but he  
 Attempts no action of immodesty.  
 And knows not what to think of me at all,  
 When without cause tears from my eyes do fall.  
 He seldom doth to me a kiss impart,  
 And with a fearful voice calls me Sweet-heart.

I wonder my disdain he hath not spi'd,  
For when he comes I turn on my left side.  
I will not speak, but sleep I counterfeit,  
And pull my hand back, when he would take it,  
Then does he fetch a deep sigh, because I  
Am offended with him, he knows not why.  
When as in truth, if I should speak my mind,  
(Cause in my sufferings thou dost pleasure find)  
Thou dost deserve our anger, who didst set  
Thy cunning toyls, to catch me in thy net,  
Why dost thou write thou wouldst fain visit me?  
Since in thy absence thou hast wounded me.  
Why thou art call'd *Acontius*, I have found,  
Cause like an arrow thou far off dost wound.  
That wound is not yet healed which no dart,  
But these words I read, gave unto my heart.  
Why shouldst thou come and here behold me lie  
The wretched *Trophy* of thy victory?  
For now my bloodless colour doth quite fail,  
And I am like thy *Apple* wan and pale.  
My white cheeks are not lightly stain'd with red,  
Like spotted marble newly polished.  
But like the colour of a silver Cup,  
When with cold water it is filled up.  
If thou sawest me, I should not seem the same,  
As when by Art thou sought'st my love to gain.  
My promise thou wouldst willingly remit,  
And ask the goddess to be freed from it.  
And thou wilt send me then another line,  
That I may swear that I shall ne're be thine.  
Yet prethee come, since thou desir'st the same,  
And see if thou canst know me now again.  
Though (*Acontius*) thy breast like Iron be,  
Thou would'st pray the goddess to pardon me.

Yet I would have thee know, we askt *Apollo*,  
 To regain health what course I ought to follow.  
 And as fame doth report, he answered, I  
 Was punish'd for my infidelity.  
 And thus the gods in Oracle answer'd me,  
 Who to thy desires favourable be.  
 Whence comes it, but because these cunning Letters  
 In the Apple writ make the gods thy debtors?  
 Since thou dost rule the gods, thou must rule me,  
 And therefore willingly I yield to thee.  
 I told my mother how I had betray'd  
 My self to thee, at which she was dismay'd.  
 You must contrive the rest; for I have done  
 All that I fear, more I shall become  
 A Virgin, since in this Letter you see,  
 I freely do unfold my mind to thee.  
 Now my joynts are weary of enditing,  
 And my sick hand is tired with long writing.  
 So hoping that we shall together meet,  
 My Letter with a farewell doth thee greet.

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The Argument of the one and twentieth Epistle.

**P**HAON being sometimes a Boatman : Venus came unto him, and desired to be carried over the water gratis, which he did, not knowing her to be a goddess, whereupon she gave him a box of ointment, wherewith anoynting himself, he became so beautiful, that all the women in the Isle Lesbos were in love with him, and especially Sappho did impatiently affect him. But when Phaon went to Sicily, Sappho out of the heat of her love, and fear of his disdain, desperately

M. 1.

resolved

resolved to throw her self into the Sea, from Lucas a Promontorie of Spire. But yet unconstant to her first resolve, she endeavours by this Epistle to recall him back, and gain his love of which she formerly despaired, and to win him to dislike of his present estate and manner of life. Lastly, she useth all Arguments that might move him to pity. And in this Epistle Ovid hath most lively exprest the soft and amorous affection of love.

## SAPPHO to PHAON.

**S**Con as thou dost behold my studious hand,  
 Whence the Letter comes dost thou understand?  
 Or unless in it thou Sapphoes name read,  
 Dost thou not know from whence it doth proceed?  
 Thou may'st wonder why I in this verse write  
 Since I in *Lyrick* numbers do delight.  
 The weeping Elegy will fitting prove  
 To sute unto our sad, and mournful love.  
 But in light *Lyrick* verses there appears  
 No doleful harmony, that may sute tears.  
 For as a field of corn on fire, whose flame  
 The Eastern wind doth blow up, and maintain,  
 Doth burn apace, being fanned by the wind,  
 Even so the flame of love doth fire my mind.  
 Though *Phaon* live near *Aetna* far from me,  
 My flames of love hotter than *Aetna* be.  
 So that verses to my harp I cannot set,  
 "A quiet mind doth verses best beget.  
 The *Druid*'s do not help me at this time,  
 Not *Le-bian*, nor *Pierian* Muses nine.  
 I hate *Amynthone*, and *Cydons* white,  
 And *Athis* is not pleasant in my sight.  
 And many others that were lov'd of me,  
 But now I have plac'd all my love on thee.

Thy

Thy youthful years to pleasure do invite,  
Thy tempting beauty hath betray'd my sight.  
Take a quiver, and thou wilt *Apollo* be;  
Take Horns, and *Bacchus* will be like to thee.  
*Phoebus* lov'd *Daphne*, *Bacchus*, *Ariadne*,  
Yet in the *Lyrick* verse no knowledge had she.  
But the Muses dictate unto me smooth rhymes.  
So that the world knows my name and lines.  
Nor hath *Alceus* for the harp more praise,  
Though he by higher subjects gets his Bayes.  
If nature beauty unto me deny,  
My wit the want of beauty doth supply.  
Though low of stature yet my fame is tall,  
And high, for through the world 'tis known to all  
Though for my beauty I have no renown,  
*Perseus* lov'd *Cepheia*, that was brown.  
White Doves do often pair with spotted Doves,  
And the green Parret the black Turtle loves.  
If thou wilt have a love as fair as thee,  
Thou must have none, for none so fair can be.  
Yet once my face did fair to thee appear,  
And that my speech became me, thou did swear,  
And thou wouldst kiss me while that I did sing,  
(For Lovers do remember every thing)  
My kisses, and each part thou didst approve,  
But specially when I did write of love;  
Then I did please thee with my wanton strain,  
With witty words, and with my amorous vain.  
But now the Maids of *Sicily* do please thee,  
Would I might *Lesbes* change for *Sicily*.  
But take heed *Megarensian* how you do  
Receive this wanderer lest you do it rue.  
Lest by his flattering tongue you be betray'd,  
What he says to you, he hath to me said.

O *Heaven* help me now in my distress,  
 Fair goddess, favour now thy Poetess.  
 Will fortune alwaies be to me unkind?  
 And will she never change her froward mind?  
 For I knew sorrow soon, even when that I  
 Was six years old, my father first did die.  
 The love of a whore my brother o're-came,  
 On whom he spent his wealth, and lost his fame,  
 Being grown poor, then unto Sea he went,  
 To get by Piracy what he had spent.  
 And because I did blame his courses, he  
 My honest counsell scorn'd, and hated me,  
 And as if these griefs were too light for me,  
 You know that I have faulty been with thee.  
 And of thee at last I must make complaint,  
 Because that I thy company do want,  
 In thy absence I do not dress my hair,  
 Nor on my fingers any rings do wear.  
 A poor and homely weed I do assume,  
*Arabian* myrrhe doth not my hair perfume:  
 Though I did dress my self for to please thee,  
 Yet in thy absence why should I dress me?  
 Nature hath given me a heart so soft,  
 That love doth with his arrow wound it oft,  
 For I am still in love, and I do see,  
 That I must alwaies thus in love still be.  
 For fatal sisters at my birth decreed  
 To spin my life forth with an amorous thred.  
 Or else my studies are the cause of it,  
*Thalia* hath given me a wanton wit.  
 Nor can it in love seem so strange a case,  
 That I should love thy young effeminate face,  
 Lest *Aurora* should love thee I was afraid,  
 And so she had but *Cephalus* her laid.

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*Phaëbe* should behold thee, she e're long  
Would love thee more than her *Endymion*.  
And beauteous *Venus* long ago had carried  
Thee unto heaven in her Ivory Chariot;  
But that the goddess wisely did foresee,  
That *Mars* himself would fall in love with thee.  
Such was thy beauty, and thy comely grace,  
For in thy youth thou hadst a Virgins face.  
Return to me, thou sweetest flower of beauty,  
For to love thee, I know it is my duty.  
I do not here intreat thee to love me,  
But that thou wouldst permit me to love thee.  
And while I write, I weep even for thy sake,  
And all those blots thou see'st, my tears did make.  
Though thou resolvest to go, yet modesty  
Might have enforced thee to take leave of me:  
At thy departure thou didst not kiss me,  
I fear'd that I should be forsaken be.  
I had no pledges of thy love, for I  
Have nothing of thine but thy injury.  
This only charge I would have given to thee,  
That thou wouldst not be unmindful of me,  
I swear unto thee, by this love of mine,  
And by my goddesses the muses nine.  
When they did tell me that thou hadst took ship,  
A long time I could neither speak, nor weep.  
My heart grew cold, my silent grief was dumb,  
Wanting both tears to vent it self, and tongue.  
But when my sorrows I more lively felt,  
I tore my hair, my tears began to melt.  
So that to weep I presently begun,  
Like Mothers at the burial of a son;  
My brother laught, and while that he did walk  
And strut by me, he thus began to talk.

Alas ; why does my loving sister grieve,  
 Thou hast no cause, thy Daughter is alive.  
 Thus love and shame together ill agree,  
 For I had put off now all modesty.  
 And in such manner I abroad did rove,  
 That the people thereby discerned my love.  
 O Phœon, I do dream of thee alwaies,  
 Dreams make the night more pleasant than the days.  
 Dreams make thee present though thou absent art,  
 But they weak shadows of true joyes impart.  
 Sometimes I think that thou embracest me,  
 And sometimes I think that I imbrace thee.  
 That thou dost kiss me, then I do believe,  
 With such kisses as thou dost use to give.  
 And sometimes in my dream to thee I speak,  
 As if my tongue and senses were awake.  
 I cannot tell the rest with modesty,  
 For methinks I enjoy thy company.  
 But when the Sun doth rise and break the day,  
 I am sad, because my dreams pass away.  
 I'me angry that my fancy is no stronger.  
 And that my pleasant dream should last no longer.  
 Then to the woods and caves I straight-way hie,  
 Wherein I enjoy'd thy sweet company.  
 As if the woods and caves would comfort me,  
 Since they witnesses of our pleasure be.  
 Like one were mad, or enchanted I lie,  
 While my hair doth o're my shoulders loose lie.  
 Methinks the mossie caves do seem as fair,  
 As those which built of costly Marble are.  
 I love the wood, under whose leavie shade,  
 We oftentimes have both together laid.  
 But the wood seems unpleasant unto me,  
 As if it mourned for thy company.

And



And I have often gone unto that place,  
Where we have lain together in the gra's ;  
And laid me down again, and with the showers  
Of tears have watered the smiling flowers.  
The leaveless trees to mourn do begin,  
And all the sweet birds have left off to sing.  
Only the Nightingale with mournful song,  
In saddest notes bewailes her former wrong,  
She laments those sad wrongs she did sustain ;  
Of thy forsaking me I do complain.  
If she sung not, nor I complain'd of thee,  
The wood more silent than the night would be ?  
There is a Fountain that's as clear as glass,  
So that some thought a Deity in it was ;  
O're which a great tree dorth extend his boughs,  
And soft green grass even round about it growes.  
I being weary, by chance I lay down here ;  
And a *Nayad* which did to me appear,  
Standing before me thus to speak began,  
Because thou lov'st, and art not lov'd again ?  
To *Leucas* go, if that thou wilt have ease,  
A promontory that o're-looks the Seas.  
Hence *Deucalion* for *Pyrrha's* love  
Did through himself down, and as it did prove,  
He had no hurt, but being drenched in  
These seas, his love to cool did straight begin.  
The vertue in this place remains, make hast,  
And from this rock thy self down quickly cast.  
Thus having said, she vanish and my tears  
Increast, my eyes did over-flow with tears.  
Fair Nymph I promise thee that I will go,  
Enrag'd with love unto that rock you show :  
Perhaps the light air in her arms will bear me,  
I can't be worse, than why should danger fear me ?

O love! with thy wings let me be sustain'd;  
 Left for my death *Leucadian* seas be blam'd,  
 Then unto *Phæbus* I'll my Harp resign,  
 And underneath it write this double line;  
*Sappho* O *Phæbus* offers unto thee  
 Her Harp, which thou lovest, and was lov'd by me.  
 If *Phaon* to return to me would please,  
 What need I go to the *African* Seas?  
 Thou canst do me more good, thee I will follow.  
 Thy beauty is such thou art my *Apollo*.  
 Or canst thou harder than a hard Rock be,  
 And to die in my misery suffer me?  
 It were far better sure that I should join,  
 In close embraces, my fair breast with thine;  
 That breast, O *Phaon*, which thou didst oft praise,  
 And which did seem so witty many waies.  
 Now I would fain be eloquent, but while  
 I strive to write in a more elegant stile;  
 My art doth fail, for grief my wit hath spent;  
 So that my letter is not eloquent.  
 My former vein of writing verse is done,  
 My jocund Harp is now grown mute and dumb.  
 Ye *Lesbian* Nymphs that marriage do desire,  
 Ye Nymphs so called from the *Lesbian* Lyre.  
 Ye *Lesbian* Nymphs whose love advanc'd by fame,  
 Come not to hear my Harp, or *Lyrick* strain.  
 For that sweet vein I had in former time,  
 My *Phaon* took away who is not mine.  
 If you send him back, I should regain it,  
 He is my *Genius* that doth give me wit.  
 But why with prayers seek I to persuade?  
 Can his hard heart with prayers be soft made?  
 No, it doth grow more stiff, and I do find  
 That all my words are but like empty wind.

But

But I do wish thy winds would bring thee back :  
Why to return again, art thou so slack ?  
I have long lookt for thee, then come away,  
Why dost thou thus torment me with delay ?  
Weigh but thy Anchor, *Venus* will befriend thee  
With a good voyage, and a fair wind lend thee. *J*  
*cupid* to steer thy ship too will not fail,  
And he will put out, and take in each sail.  
But if thou forsake *Lesbian Sappho*, I  
Have not deserv'd of thee such cruelty ;  
And by this Letter I would have thee know,  
That I my self into the Sea will throw,

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*The*

And do with the world would bring in  
 to retain a man, get them in hands  
 have long look, but then come  
 my old friend, and a new one  
 Weigh but the world, I will bring  
 with a good voice, and a new one  
 to let the world to let  
 And he will be a man in each  
 and then to let the world  
 have not a man in each  
 and by the world I will have  
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Three responsive *Epistles* of  
the Poet *Anlus Sabinus* in answer to  
three of *OVID'S Epistles*.



The Argument of *Sabinus* first *Epistle*.

**U**lysses having read *Penelope's Epistle*, answereth to all objections,  
and relates his many troubles which he had valiantly endured:  
*Dyrosias* and *Pallas* having instructed him in future evils, he pro-

persuade unto her that he will come home to Ithaca in the habit of a beggar. He comes home so disguised, that Penelope wagers supposing him a beggar upon many affronts. But his Son Telemachus and two servants helping him, they fell upon them, and slew them all. At last his Son Telegonus, whom he had by Circe, slew him with a poisoned Arrow.

## ULYSSES to PENELOPE.

**U**Nfortunate *Ulysses* hath from thee,  
 Receiv'd thy Letter dear *Penelope*;  
 The sight of thy hand and seal, were to me  
 A kind of comfort in my misery.  
 Thou dost accuse me, that I am too slack  
 In returning and coming to thee back.  
 I had rather thou shouldst esteem me slow,  
 Than that I should let thee my troubles know.  
 Greece knew my love unto thee, when I had  
 For thy love counterfeited my self mad.  
 For such was then the force of my affection,  
 That I did counterfeit a fain'd distraction,  
 Thou wouldst not have me write, but come away;  
 I make haste, but cross winds do make me stay.  
 Joy with the Grecian Maids here, is defac'd,  
 I am not there, for Troy is burnt and raz'd.  
*Deiphobus*, *Astus*, *Hector*, all slain are,  
 And all the rest of whom thou standest in fear.  
 I scapt the Thracian bands when I had slain  
*Rhesus*, and to my Tents return'd again.  
 And besides out of *Pallas* Temple I  
 Did take the fatal palm of victory.  
 I was in the Horse when *Cassandra* cry'd,  
*Trojan* burn the Horse, yet not terrifi'd.



Burn it; for in this wooden horse, quoth they,  
 The cunning *Grecians* here inclosed be.  
 Therefore if you do not this horse destroy,  
 It shall be the destruction of *Troy*.  
*Achilles* rites of sepulture did lack,  
 Till I brought him to *Thetis* on my back,  
 The *Grecians* did my labour so regard,  
 I had *Achilles* armour for reward.  
 Yet I have lost all, for the sea hath swallow'd  
 My ships, and all the company me follow'd.  
 Only that constant love I owe to thee,  
 Continues with me in adversity.  
*Scylla* and *Charybdis* could not cast away  
 My love to thee, which still doth with me stay.  
 Spight of *Antiphates* my love endur'd,  
 And though the cunning *Syrens* me allur'd,  
 And *Circe*, nor *Calypso* could not charm me,  
 Thy love against their Sorceries did arm me.  
 Both promis'd that they could immortal make  
 Me, that I should not fear the *Stygian* Lake.  
 For thy sake I their offer did withstand,  
 And have suffer'd so much by Sea and Land.  
 Perhaps when thou these womens names dost find  
 In my Letter, it will trouble thy mind.  
 And of *Circe* and *Calypso* to hear,  
 Perhaps thou wilt be struck into a fear.  
 When I in thy letter *Anconis* read,  
*Polybus* and *Medon*, they my fear bred.  
 Since thou so many youthful Suiters hast,  
 How could I think that thou remainest chaste.  
 Could they delight in thy tear blubber'd face,  
 Do not thy tears thy beauty yet debase?  
 And it seems thou hast given consent to marry,  
 But thy unthriving web doth make them tarry.

For

For that which thou hast in the day time spun,  
 Thou unweav'st at night; so 'tis never done.  
 Thy art is good which doth successful prove;  
 To delude their purpose, delay their love.  
 O *Polyphemus*; I do wish that I  
 Had dy'd in my Cave free from misery.  
 Would I had been by the *Thracians* slain;  
 When my ship was by *Imarus* first came.  
 Would cruel *Pinto* then had satisfied  
 His wrath on me, I would that I had dy'd;  
 When I descended to the Stygian Lake,  
 From thence in safety I returned back.  
 For though in thy Letters no dread appears,  
 I saw my brothers thin ghost walking there.  
 She told me how at home all matters be,  
 And to shun my embraces thrice fled me.  
 I saw *Protesilaus*, who fate-contemning,  
 With his death gave the *Trojan* wars beginning.  
 And his wife *Laodamia*, who did dye  
 That she might bear her husband company.  
 I saw *Agamemnon* whose wounds bleeding were;  
 So that the sight made nie let fall a tear.  
 He had no hurt at *Troy*, and also past  
 The *Eubean* Promontory, yet at last  
 Having a thousand wounds given him, he dies  
 Even then when he to *Jove* did sacrifice.  
 Thus *Helena* the *Grecians* ruine bred,  
 While she to *Troy* a stranger followed.  
 Besides, what profit was it unto me,  
*Cassandra* were captives and *Andromache*?  
 I could have chosen *Hecuba* for my wife,  
 Think not that with a whore I spend my life.  
 For I brought *Hecuba* aboard my ship,  
 But she out of her former shape did slip.

For into a Bitch she was straight transform'd,  
 And her complaints were into barking turn'd;  
*Thetis* grew angry at these Prodiges,  
 And enrag'd, *Aeolus* made a storm to rise:  
 So that with wind and waves our ships did strive,  
 Which tempest round about the world did drive.  
 But if *Tyresias* truly foretold,  
 A prosperous fate after adversity,  
 Having endur'd so much by land and sea,  
 I hope my fortunes will more kinder be.  
 Now *Pallas* doth protect us from all dangers,  
 And guides us in our journey amongst strangers,  
 Since *Troys* destruction I have *Pallas* seen,  
 Of late so that her anger spent doth seem,  
 And whatsoever *Ajax* did commit,  
 The Grecians now are punisht for it,  
 Nor was *Tydid* too excus'd from danger,  
 For he like us about the world doth wander,  
 Nor *Teucer* that from *Telamon* first sprung,  
 Nor he that with a thousand ships did come.  
*Menelaus* was happy, for having got  
 His wife he need fear no unhappy lot.  
 Though the winds or seas did your journey stay,  
 Your love was not hindred by that delay.  
 The winds nor waves did not hinder your bliss,  
 But when you list you could imbrace and kiss.  
 And had I so enjoy'd thy company,  
 No evil chance could then beride to me.  
 But since *Telemachus* is well I hear,  
 My present troubles I more lightly bear.  
 I blame thy love in sending him to sea,  
 Through *Sparte*, and in *Pylon* to seek me,  
 Needs must blame thy love in doing it,  
 While to the Sea thou didst my Son commit.

But fortune may at last yet prove my friend,  
 And all my troubles may have a fair end.  
 A Prophet told me, dear wife, we should meet,  
 And with embraces should each other greet.  
 But I will come disguised, so to be known  
 Unto no other but thy self alone.  
 In a beggars habit I'll disguised be,  
 Conceal thy joy, and knowledge then of me.  
 I'll shew no outward violence when I come,  
 For so *Apollo's* Priest unto me sung.  
 But I'll revenge my self even at that time  
 When thy wooers are banqueting with wine.  
 While beggars rayment doth my self covers,  
 And then at last my self I will discover.  
 While at *nysses* they shall all admire,  
 That this day would come soon I do desire.  
 That we may both dear wife renew our love,  
 And I to thee may a kind husband prove.

Nor think that from *Tenar* I am far,  
 Nor be that with a thousand ships I come.  
 Myself was happy, for having got  
 His wife he need fear no more by lot.  
 Though the winds or seas did your journey lay,  
 I yet love, and not minded by delay.  
 The winds nor waves did not hinder your flight,  
 But when you did not could embrace and kiss.  
 And had I to enjoy you, I had  
 No evil could do, but I would to me.  
 But since I cannot, as well I hear,  
 I will send you I more lovingly hear.  
 I will love in sending him to sea,  
 Through *Crete*, and in *Egypt* to seek me,  
 Needs must I blame my love in doing it,  
 While to the sea man did I my love commit.



The Argument Of Sabinus Second Epistle.

**D**emophoon in this Epistle endeavours by divers Arguments to excuse his unfaithful neglect of returning to Phyllis according to his promise: Alleging that his friends were offended with him for staying so long with her in Thrace, and also the importune unseasonableness of the weather for sailing, promising howsoever at length to return to Phyllis. He performed his promise, but Phyllis

in patient of delay, had strangled her self before he came, and by the mercy of the gods was changed into a leafless Almond-tree, which Demophoon embracing, it put forth leaves as if it had been sensible of his return. Which is fain'd, because Phyllis signifies in Greek an Almond-tree, so expressing the name of Phyllis. Because when Zephyrus or the west wind bloweth from Africa into Thrace, this Tree flourisheth, for Zephyrus signifies as much as *Love*, that is, The Life cherisher. Which gave occasion to this fiction, that Phyllis transformed into a Tree, seemed to rejoyce, and flourish, at the return of her Lover.

## DEMOPHOON to PHYLLIS.

From his own Countrey to Phyllis his friend,  
Demophoon doth this his Letter send.  
Even thy Demophoon that doth still love thee,  
My fortunes chang'd, but not my constancy.  
To *Jensen* whose name thou hast no cause to fear,  
Thy flame of love for his sake worthy were.  
*Menestheus* drove out of his roya state,  
And the old Tyrant is now dead of late.  
He that the *Amazons* had overcome,  
And unto *Hercules* was companion.  
He that did *Minos* son-in-law become,  
When he the *Minotaur* had overthrowen.  
He did excuse me because I did stay,  
Trifling so long with thee in *Thracia*:  
For while the love of Phyllis did detain thee.  
And that a foolish beauty did entame thee.  
Time with a nimble pace did slip away:  
And sad accidents happen'd by my delay.  
Which had been all prevented, hadst thou come,  
Or that thou hadst them good, when they were done.  
When thou dost love his kingdom love, for she  
Thou art whole, long life is dearer to thee.

From



From *Arhamas* I this same chiding have,  
 And old *Ethra* who's half within her grave,  
 Since *Thesens* is not there to close their eyes,  
 The fault on me for staying with thee lies,  
 I confess they both to me often cry'd,  
 When my ship did in *Thracian* waters ride,  
 The winds stand fair *Demophon*, why dost thou stay?  
 Go home *Demophon* without delay.  
 From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,  
 She loves thee, yet he homelike she'll not forsake,  
 She desires not to bear thee company,  
 But to return again encreaseth thee.  
 I with a silent patience heard them chide,  
 But their desire I in my thoughts deny'd.  
 I thought I could not embrace thee enough,  
 And I was glad to see the sea grow rough,  
 Before my father I will this confess,  
 'He that loves worthily may it profess.  
 For since such store of worth remains in thee,  
 If I do love thee it no shame can be.  
 And I do know that *Phyllis* cannot say,  
 I prov'd unkind, when I did sail away.  
 For when the day came that I must take ship,  
 I wept, and comforted thee who didst weep.  
 Thou didst grant me a ship of *Thracia*,  
 While *Phyllis* love made me the time delay,  
 Besides my father *Thesens* doth remain  
*Ariadnes* love and cherishes that flame;  
 When he looks towards heaven many times,  
 See how my love (saith he) in heaven shines,  
 Though *Bacchus* to forsake her did commend him,  
 The world for forsaking her, hath blam'd him.  
 So am I perjur'd thought for my delay,  
 Though *Phyllis* know not the cause of my stay.

This may assure thee I will come again,  
 Because my breast doth burn with no new flame.  
*Phyllis*, hath not report to thee made known,  
 What dismal troubles are sprung up at home?  
 Since for my fathers death I a mourner am  
 Whose death includes more grief than I can name.  
 My brother *Hippolitus* deserves a tear.  
 Whom his own horses did in pieces tear;  
 These fatal causes might excuse my stay,  
 Yet after a while I will come away.  
 I will but lay my Father in the grave,  
 For 'tis fit he should worthy burial have.  
 Grant me but time and I will constant be,  
 Thy Country yields most safety unto me.  
 To those that since the fall of *Troy* did wander  
 By land and sea, and past through much danger,  
*Thrace* hath been kind, and I unto this Land  
 By tempest drove, was kindly entertain'd.  
 If that thy love to me remain the same,  
 Who in my royal Palace now do reign:  
 And art not angry with my parents fate,  
 Or with *Demophoon*, most unfortunate.  
 Suppose that unto me thou hadst been married,  
 When at the siege of *Troy* ten years I tarried.  
*Penelope* through all the world is fam'd  
 Because that she her chastity maintain'd.  
 For she with witty Art, did alwayes weave  
 An unthriving web, suiters to deceive,  
 For she by night did it in pieces pull,  
 Resolving the untwisted threds to wooll.  
 Dost fear the *Thracians* will not marry thee,  
 Or wilt thou marry any one but me?  
 Hast thou a heart with any one to joyn  
 Thy hand, unless thy hand do joyn with mine:

How

How wilt thou blush then, and how wilt thou grieve,  
When a far off thou shalt my sails perceive ;  
Thou wilt condemn thy self, and say alas ;  
I see *Demophoon* most faithful was.  
*Demophoon* is return'd, and for my sake,  
A dangerous voyage he by sea did make.  
I that for breach of faith him rashly blamed,  
Have broke my faith, while I of him complained.  
But *Phyllis* I had rather thou shouldst marry,  
Than that thou shouldst some other way miscarry.  
Why dost thou threaten thou wilt make a way  
Thy self? the gods may hear when thou dost pray.  
Though thou dost blame me for inconstancy,  
Add not affliction to my misery.  
Though *Theseus Ariadne* did forsake,  
Where the wild beasts a prey of her might make?  
Yet my desert hath not been such, that I  
Should be accused of inconstancy,  
This Letter may the winds without all fail  
Bring safe to thee, which us'd to drive my sail,  
Perswade thy self, I fain would come away,  
But that I have just cause a while to stay.

The Argument of the Twelfth Booke  
The Twelfth Booke of the *Argonautica* is a continuation of the story of the Argonauts. It begins with the Argonauts returning to their home after their voyage. The poem describes their journey home, the challenges they face, and the eventual resolution of their story. The text is written in a poetic style, with many lines of verse. The word "N" is visible in the middle of the page, likely a page number or a section marker.



The Argument of Sabinus third Epistle.

**T**HIS responsive Epistle written by Paris is not difficult, for the Argument is taken out of Oenones Epistle. Paris having violated the rites of marriage, by repudiating his wife, and marrying Helena first confesses to Oenone the injury he had done her. Afterward excusing himself, he transfers the blame on Cupid, whose power Lovers cannot resist, and on the fates who had destinated Helena to him unknown. But tis reported that Oenone did love

Paris

Paris so dearly, that he being brought to bed wounded by Phylodetes  
with one of Hercules arrows, she embraced his body, and embalm-  
ing it with tears dyed over him, and so they were both buried in  
Cebria a Trojan City.

## PARIS to OENONE.

**N**ymph, I confess that I fit words do want,  
To write an answer to thy just complaint.  
I seek for words, but yet I cannot find,  
Words, that may aptly sute unto my mind,  
I confess against thee I have offended,  
Yet *Helens* love makes me I cannot mend it,  
I'll condemn my self, but what doth it avail;  
The power of love makes a bad cause prevail.  
For though thou should'st condemn me, and my cause,  
Yet *Cupid* means to try me by his lawes.  
And if by his lawes we will judged be,  
It seem's another bath more right to me.  
Thou wert my first love I confess in truth,  
And I marry'd thee in my flowre of youth.  
Of my father *Priam* I was not proud,  
As thou dost write, but unto thee I bow'd.  
I did not think *Hector* should prove my brother,  
When thee and I did keep our flocks together.  
I knew not my mother *Queen Hecabe*,  
Whose Daughter thou most worthy art to be,  
But love, I see, is not guided by reason,  
Consider with thy self at this same season;  
For thou complain'st that I have wronged thee,  
And yet thou writest that thou lovest me.  
And though the *Satyres* and the *Faunies* do move thee,  
Yet thou remainest constant still to me.

Besides

Besides, this love is fatal unto me,  
 My Sister *Cassandra* did it foresee;  
 Before that I had heard of *Helen's* name;  
 Whose beauty through all *Greece* was known by fame.  
 I have told all unless it be that wound  
 Of love, which I have by her beauty found.  
 Nay those wounds I will open, and from you  
 To gain some help, I will both beg and sue.  
 My life and death are both within thy hand,  
 You have conquer'd me, I'me at your command,  
 Yet I remember that when you heard me,  
 Relate to you her dismal prophesie.  
 While I did tell thee, thou didst weep upon me,  
 Wishing the gods would turn that sad fate on me;  
 That thou might'st have no cause to accuse  
 When that *Oenone* doth *Paris* lose.  
 Love blinded me, that I could not believe thee,  
 And loving thee doth make me now deceive thee.  
 Love powerful is, and when he list can turn  
*Jove* to a bull, or to a Bird transform.  
 Such beauty all the world should not contain,  
 As *Helen*, who is born to be my flame:  
 Since *Jupiter* to disguise his loose scape  
 Did transform himself unto a Swans shape;  
 And *Jove* also descended from his Tower,  
 To court fair *Danae* in a golden showre.  
 Sometimes himself he to an Eagle turn'd,  
 And sometimes to a white Bull hath transform'd.  
 And who would think that *Hercules* would spin,  
 Yet love of *Deianira* compell'd him.  
 And he wore her light Petticoat 'tis said,  
 While his love with his Lions skin was clad.  
 So I remember love compelled thee,  
 (The more's my fault) that thou prefer'd'st me;



fore *Apollo's* love, and from him fled,  
 cause thou would'st possess my marriage bed.  
 I excell'd not *Phœbus*, but the dart  
 of Love did so inforce thy gentle heart.  
 At this may unto thee some comfort I rove,  
 that she is no base Harlot whom I love  
 the whom I before thee do prefer  
 whose birth is descended from *Jupiter*.  
 At her birth doth not inamour'd make me,  
 'tis her matchless beauty that doth take me.  
 O my *Oenone*! I do wish it still,  
 had not been on the *Idean* Hill  
 Judge of beauty, *Pallas* now doth grudge,  
 and *Juno*, because against them I did judge.  
 And because I did lovely *Venus* praise,  
 and for her beauty gave to her the Bays.  
 He that can raise loves flame up in another,  
 he that rules *Cupid*, and is his own Mother.  
 At she could not avoid her own Sons shaft  
 and Bow, wherewith he wounded others oft.  
 For *Vulcan* took fair *Venus* close in bed  
 with *Mars*, which by the gods was witnessed.  
 And *Mars* again she afterward forsook,  
 and for her Paramour *Anchises* took:  
 For with *Anchises* she in love would be,  
 and did revenge his sloath in Venery.  
*Venus* thus did in affection rove,  
 why may not she make *Paris* change his love?  
*Æneas* with her fair face was took,  
 lov'd her, before on her I did look:  
 Though wars ensue, if I do her enjoy,  
 and a thousand ships fetch her back from *Troy*;  
 do not fear the war is just and right,  
 all the world should for her beauty fight.

Though

Although the armed Grecians ready be,  
 To fetch her back, I'll keep her here with me.  
 If thou hast any hope to change my mind,  
 To use thy charms why art thou not inclin'd?  
 Since in Apollo's Arts thou art well seen,  
 And to Hecates skill hast used been.  
 Thou canst cloud the day, and stars shining clear,  
 And make the Moon forsake her silver sphere;  
 And by thy charm, while I did Oxen keep,  
 Fierce Lyons gently walk't among the sheep.  
 Thou didst make Xanthus, and Simoeis slow  
 Unto their springs, and back again to go.  
 And charm'dst other Rivers, when thou didst see,  
 They thither fled after thy Virginitie.  
 Oeneas, let thy charms effectual prove,  
 To change my affection, or quench thy love.

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These Books following are to be sold by  
*William Whitwood*, at the Golden Bell  
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